

Colliers

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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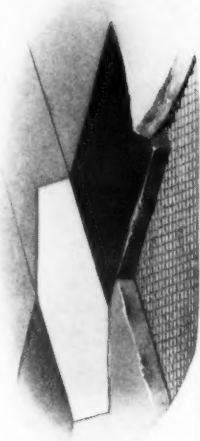
VOL XXXIX NO 25
SEPTEMBER 14 1907

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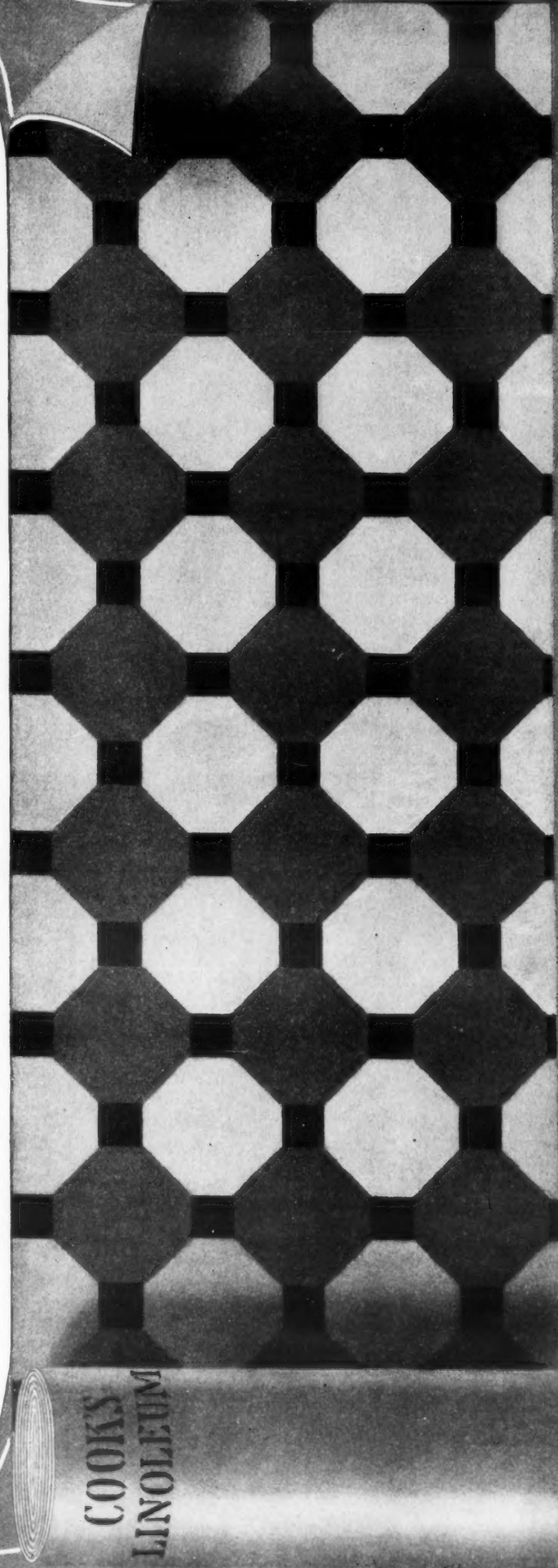
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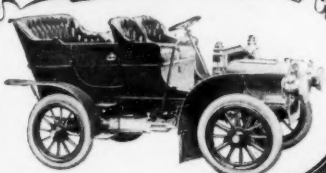
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Collier's

The National Weekly

New York, Saturday, September 14, 1907

BEDTIME. Cover Design	Drawn by F. X. Leyendecker	
"DANGER AHEAD!" Full-page in Color	Painted by W. T. Smedley	8
EDITORIALS		9
THE SAGE OF PRINCETON. Poem	Wallace Irwin	11
THE GENIUS AND THE CYCLONE	Cartoon by E. W. Kemble	12
THE MEDIUM GAME.—I. Demonstrating Immortality	Will Irwin	13
LYRICS BY—	Charles Belmont Davis	16
A PLEASANT NIGHT IN SPRING. Story	Stephen French Whitman	18
RICHARD MANSFIELD	By Arthur Ruhl	21
PHOTOGRAPHS		22
WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING		23

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EDITORIAL BULLETIN

New York, Saturday, September 14, 1907



What About Our Army?

Next week Frederick Palmer will discuss, under the title "The Army at Work," a number of pertinent questions concerning our military establishment. As an expert, he has looked into the complaint that few good men enlist and fewer good soldiers reenlist. He quotes a veteran recruiting sergeant who explains why the boys don't "take on again": "The army's strong on brains these days. It's getting to be a nice kindergarten full of strangers that don't stay long. Everybody knows telegraphing and how to write shorthand, and I hear we're all going to wear leather leggings 'cause they're stiff and smart. And there ain't any canteen. Everybody drinks pop at the post, then gets drunk and deserts by way of protest when they get leave." Down in the ranks, they feel keenly the disgrace implied in the abolition of the canteen. The men are not stupid. They see the officers exercising their right to drink whatever they please in their home, while in the barracks, the private soldier's home, drinking beer is forbidden because the saloonkeepers, aided, unwittingly, by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, have induced Congress to look upon the canteen as an evil. While the soldier's beer has been taken away, his practise marches have been lengthened. The old sergeant's comment on that was: "They take away a man's beer and give him a route march, and then they wonder why all the husky boys of the land ain't going into the army." Though the army has its problems, it is in no sense daunted. Its personnel is active, progressive. It makes a serious business of getting ready for war. Mr. Palmer will tell about some of its recent work at Fort Leavenworth, where the General Staff has established a war laboratory.

The Navy at Sea

Mr. Palmer heard the army officers ask why Frederic Remington no longer visits the posts to picture the new type of soldier in such a romantic fashion as to encourage enlistment. While Mr. Remington has turned to other work, our best naval artist, Reuter Dahl, is giving us pictures of the country's sea fighters that taste salty. Next week's frontispiece will suggest the stir and chug of energy when the big ships and the little naval wasps put out to sea. This subject of the sailing of the big Atlantic fleet will be touched upon effectively in a later issue.

The Milk of Mediumship

The psychics and clairvoyants will be taken up in next week's instalment of Will Irwin's study of the medium game. It is the branch of the business that draws most recruits nowadays. When the Society for Psychical Research pronounced Mrs. Piper to be a genuine clairvoyant there was much excited talk about psychic phenomena. At once the numerous tribe of fakers and frauds took up this phase of the game. Some had real clairvoyant powers, but the gift was apt to produce unsatisfactory results for the sitter. Then the psychic sense was supplemented by information picked up here and there by the medium. These people began to "water the milk of mediumship." The watering was done industriously, methodically. Once a "Blue Book" containing data about a vast number of seance frequenters was published for the use of the psychics. Even now the average medium fills up, for exchange purposes, notebook after notebook ("test books" in the vernacular) with intimate statistics concerning their sitters. It is nearly all water, but one finds the milk now and then.

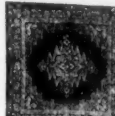


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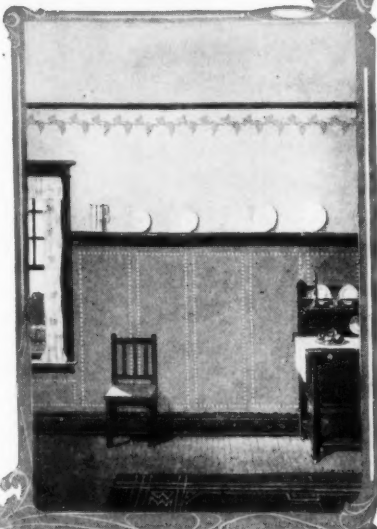
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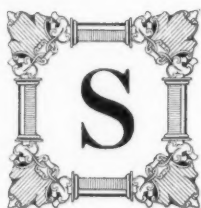
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The National Weekly

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September 14, 1907

LEE AGAIN



OUR FRIEND KISSICK, Patriotic Instructor in the G. A. R., is not yet down. He returns to conflict, armed with the mighty and always cogent name of LINCOLN. Listen then to what he says:

"EDITOR COLLIER'S, NEW YORK CITY:

"My dear Sir—In replying to your favor of the 20th inst., I shall give a higher authority than any of the historians. Perhaps you may recognize his standing.

"President LINCOLN in his message to the Congress, July 4, 1861, said: 'This is essentially a people's contest. . . . I am most happy to believe that the plain people understand and appreciate this. It is worthy of note that while in this, the Government's hour of trial, large numbers of those in the army and navy who have been favored with the offices have resigned and proved false to the hand which had pampered them, not one common soldier or common sailor is known to have deserted his flag.

"Great honor is due to those officers who remained true despite the example of their treacherous associates; but the greatest honor and most important fact of all is the unanimous firmness of the common soldiers and common sailors. To the last man, so far as known, they have successfully resisted the traitorous efforts of those whose commands but an hour before they obeyed as absolute law. This is the patriotic instinct of plain people. They understand without an argument that the destroying the Government which was made by Washington means no good to them."

"False"—"treacherous"—"traitorous"—that is LINCOLN's official judgment of LEE as well as the other officers of the army and navy who deserted the flag. As a teacher of American patriotism, I prefer to abide by LINCOLN's judgment rather than the judgment of RHODES, the historian. If you prefer RHODES's to LINCOLN's, be good enough to say so, and then the Grand Army of the Republic will know exactly where to place you as a teacher of American patriotism. I would like to know your choice, and shall hope that you may think it expedient to give publicity to LINCOLN's judgment of the officers deserting the flag. Yours very truly,

"ROBERT KISSICK."

Mr. KISSICK is a trifle disingenuous. We quoted RHODES, but we offered Mr. KISSICK space galore if he could find a single reputable historian, North or South, who spoke with disparagement of General LEE. For him to cite LINCOLN's appeal at the beginning of the war, when the President was endeavoring to stir the people to a mighty struggle, is near to childish.

LINCOLN AND THE SOUTH

WHO CAN IMAGINE LINCOLN to-day, or indeed a day after the victory was assured, acting or talking in any spirit but the kindest of the cause that had met defeat? Was it not a soldier of the Rebellion who spoke these lines:

"He was the Southern mother, leaning forth
At dead of night to hear the cannon roar,
Beseeching God to turn the cruel North
And break it, that her son might come once more;
He was New England's maiden, pale and pure,
Whose gallant lover fell on Shiloh's plain.

"He was the North, the South, the East, the West,
The thrall, the master, all of us in one."

In his last public address LINCOLN spoke with his habitual gentle protest of the "professed Union men" who were trying to stir up trouble on the question of whether the seceded States had ever been out of the Union—a problem, of course, involving the whole theory of State rights. Such a question, LINCOLN said, having no practical utility, "could have no effect other than the mischievous one of dividing our friends." It was "good for nothing at all—a merely pernicious abstraction," which seems to us a fair description of the Patriotic Instructor's persistent cerebration. He might better study how to help in solving difficulties of to-day, instead of pouring salt into the wounds of long ago. LINCOLN rancorous, ungenerous, and vindictive after thirty years! Fancy that. When he spoke for malice toward none, for charity toward

all, the dreadful war was still in progress. Imagine what his spirit would have been in the happy days of unity and peace. The slightest knowledge of history should teach any man that when BOOTH's bullet started on its way, every thought of LINCOLN's was bent on kindness and on "binding up the nation's wounds." We do not pretend to educate the Instructor, but would refer him to the account of the last Cabinet meeting, given by Secretary WELLES in the "Galaxy" for April, 1872. "We," said LINCOLN, "must extinguish our resentments, if we expect harmony and union." And he also made some wholesome comments, even so early, on the persons who undertook "to hector and dictate to the people of the South, who were trying to right themselves." As was said by another of his companions, "he was never simpler or gentler than on this day of unprecedented triumph; his heart overflowed with sentiments of gratitude to Heaven, which took the shape usual to generous natures, of love and kindness to all men."

GOOD FOR GLENN

THE GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA is among those who have recently struck the right tone in handling the negro question. Congratulations. He declares that black and white alike shall be punished when they do wrong, encouraged when they do well. Colored people, he says, should be helped to make the best of themselves. Cooperation will do most. The Sheriff in BOOKER WASHINGTON's community telephones to him when a crime is charged or suspected against a negro, and the guilty man is found and turned over to the officials. Several of the Governors are doing well—the Governor of Alabama among the number. And it is to be remembered, by those who too easily despair, that two-thirds of the lynchings of negroes have no relation to assault, and that in twelve months, about two years ago, there were more actual or attempted criminal assaults in Chicago than there were by all the negroes in the United States. The negro problems are hard enough. It is better not to see them as more hopeless than they are.

THE REAL QUESTION

LET THOSE WHO SCOLD at the President for the depression of the stock market ask themselves one question. Is their protest based on any motive nobler than unwillingness to pay the price of justice? Some of them are Bourbons in their nature and on them argument would be wasted. Some there are, however, who eight months ago approved the President's effort to help forward a movement by which the rich should be treated like the poor. In any financial reform, in any effort to remove injustice, there must be a temporary upset. Do our people wish justice only if nobody has to pay a cent?

ENFORCEMENT

THE STANDARD OIL VERDICTS, it will be remembered, were obtained under the Elkins act, and therefore were not made possible by any recent legislation. Some of this legislation, therefore, considering the relation of its actual efficiency to the degree of its sound and fury, has a kind of resemblance to traditional tom-tom Chinese warfare. Enforcement, not legislation, is the strongest feature of recent policy toward the trusts.

ADDRESSED TO CHICAGO

"CAN YOU KEEP the ring-dove's neck from changing?" The leopard's spots proverbially also are difficult to remove. How about changing the nature of the Honorable BUSSE, Mayor of Chicago? What now is the opinion of those respectable business men who wrote to us so enthusiastically in the spring? Chief of

Collier's

Police SHIPPY hands out an announcement that he will put on the lid. Oh, will he? Chicago queries: Who put NICK HUNT back on the police force? Who took NICK HUNT off, and why? Alas, no. BUSSE never meant to regenerate himself, and he never will.

A LIVELY PLACE

FROM SAN FRANCISCO the underground reports which are sent by our friends and representatives never fail of interest. The leading symptoms are class animosity, gay tolerance, and HEARST. The social and money set are inclined to boycott one who sympathizes with the prosecution. The victorious element (at the primaries) of the labor-union crowd would nominate SCHMITZ for Mayor if he were eligible. A plutocrat named HOLMAN, who edits the "Argonaut," after laudatory columns concerning CALHOUN, daintily refrains from discussing what he euphemistically calls "Mr. CALHOUN's personal relations with the prosecution." HENEY is fighting heroically without money and without price to land the "higher ups" and to discredit their "higher law." The H. U.'s seem to have hopes that the courts will decide that the indicting grand jury had too many corns or too few ears, and that the indictments will be erased. A fine example of the cause of TAFT's complaint against the criminal law may result. Should such a thing occur, the indicting must all be done over again, and HENEY and SPRECKELS will need new courage and new backing. The crooked unionists and the crooked plutocrats are united to prevent the reelection of District Attorney LANGDON, without whom HENEY might be dropped and SPRECKELS and BURNS would become merely voices in the desert. Mayor TAYLOR has his hands full of constructive work and seems to be doing well. The symptoms would call for the election of TAYLOR, the reelection of LANGDON, and all the aid and comfort that can be given to SPRECKELS and HENEY. The "Chronicle" is insidiously trying to undermine LANGDON. HEARST's editorial position has been so unhelpful that his Jamestown praise of LANGDON caused surprise in San Francisco. The "Bulletin" seems to be playing it square, and has early afternoon pleasure with HEARST and HOLMAN. The test of public opinion thereabout will come in the Langdon campaign; if he can not be elected to continue his course, the San Francisco "average citizen" needs another earthquake. It is a fine play that is being played there, and "it's seven-card stud-poker with five cards open." SPRECKELS seems to have reason to believe that "the honest man is the loneliest work of God."

A GREAT MIX-UP

HOWEVER, we opine that those who say that San Francisco is done for have lost their bearings. The inhabitants have accomplished an amazing work, especially considering what labor has done to them. In the building trades they have patched things up, and there is no scarcity of labor. But there is a volcano underneath. Class hatred, the selfish class-consciousness, is tremendous on both sides of the line. The capitalists want to shoot the hungry horde, they say, and the laboring classes are almost ready to throw bombs. The street-car strike was "beaten to a dry frazzle" months ago, but the union men are still paying ten cents a shot to ride on crazy omnibuses to and from their work and cursing the women on the street-cars as they ride. It is easy to imagine what this means in the value of living in the town. An editor, the bulldog fighter of the corruption trouble, tells us that every few nights he receives a police item which reads about like this: "Last night in Golden Gate Park, JOHN O'BRIEN, a hod-carrier, prominent in Union 19, was thrown from his automobile while running sixty miles an hour."

JAPS ON THE COAST

THE CALIFORNIA PROMOTION COMMITTEE estimates the number of Japanese in San Francisco at 93,000 in a population which has less than 300,000 working men. Probably this is an inflated estimate. The Japanese say not more than fifty thousand, and the truth may be somewhere between. At any rate, there are more Japanese now than there ever were Chinese. The feeling is not so bitter as reported, and the alleged disturbances aren't a flea-bite on an elephant. The whole question is industrial. Approach the average intelligent citizen on the subject and he will begin a blue streak. But ask him squarely whether the Japanese are a good thing for the State, and he will answer: "I'm d—d if I know." It is exciting the way the little creatures have got hold of property and industries. No other body of immigrants has done so well. The Japanese comes here without capital. He grubs it all out with his hands, and he sees the market far ahead.

BY JESTING PILATE

THE FINAL VERITY about this, that, and the other thing is pursued so nimbly nowadays, and with such new apparatus of capture, that it is necessary to stop and count ten if undue optimism is to be avoided. Otherwise, we are likely to cry out

when we hear a squeal, "Truth has been cornered at last!" Probably the pursuer has a stitch in his side and is vociferating for a doctor. Whatever wild perversions some of our nature writers set down in books, can anybody assume to pass finally upon them? Evidence of the most convincing kind, upon which men are killed by the law, is frequently without value. The rawest deceivers who ever undertook to get money from the public by materializing the spirits of the dead have produced proofs of their power that have convinced men trained in science. Mr. IRWIN's study of the "Medium Game" has pulled the curtain from only a small corner of the big stage on which the credulous human stirs about. As "Bright Eyes," the spirit of a dead Indian child, appears simultaneously to true believers in materialization living in San Francisco, Chicago, Boston, and New York, so, to the skeptical intellect, the "truth" about the trusts, the wild animals, or the Congo, for instance, seems flashed by arbitrary chance upon widely scattered intellects, and from all sorts of angles, as "ignorant armies clash by night."

VARIETY IN FICTION

LOVE STORIES are the ham and beans of the magazine editor's life, the country house and red automobile of the publisher's. Aware of this, we cry: "Lay on!" to Mrs. GILMAN, who uses the "Independent's" pages to assault Cupid as our fictionists picture him. Like every other staple largely consumed by complaisant humanity, the love story is subject to overproduction. It is frequently turned out in a form so objectionable to the educated palate that the reader is tempted to fling it off at the first taste. Unwise farmers exhaust their fields by sowing wheat year after year; unwise housewives tire a family's digestion by serving too often French fried potatoes. Because some farmer has found wheat to be a readily salable crop, are all farmers to use corn land and oat land and turnip land for producing poor wheat? The poets have dazzled us; the man who, in a wild frenzy of belief, asserted that it is love that makes the world go round has long defied us to contradict him; and the advancing host of romancers have thundered the love motive so continuously that our tentative protests have blown back into our teeth. There are a number of subjects that are vitally important to the daily routine of the average male human; and Mrs. GILMAN optimistically assures us that even young girls do not invariably demand a love story when they resort to a magazine or novel. Underdone, soggy, or scorched love stories find the easiest market, perhaps, but robust appetites crave also stories of adventure, of industry, of rationally ordered family life, of sane play, and sane friendship.

IDLE TEARS

GRIEF IS THE PORTION of the Kellam Cancer Hospital of Richmond, Virginia, because in these editorials it has been grouped with other exemplars of the Great American Fraud. It offers the invariable and hollow mockery of testimonials and endorsements, which, as has been repeatedly shown, can be wheedled, browbeaten, or bribed out of the victims of any form of quackery. It, of course, courts the fullest investigation, and desires that we send a representative to investigate whether its claims are not well founded. Unsuspected by the Messrs. KELLAM, our representative has already investigated their claims, notably their statement that they are endorsed by the Legislature of the State of Virginia. Upon request for a copy of the endorsement they forwarded a weak subterfuge, and finally, upon pressure, admitted that they could not produce the proof they had boasted. For their further consideration we present a brief parallel:

(From the Kellam Circular)

The Cancer is removed without the use of the knife or X-Ray. . . . No roots or fibres left; hence it can not return.

(From a Kellam Letter)

We do not claim to "cure them all." We go further, and on our part we agree to treat, free of charge, any patient who suffers a recurrence after having been treated by our method.

The italics are our own, but we cheerfully present them for elucidation to the Kellam Hospital. A little careful thought devoted to reconciling the irreconcilable may help them to forget their wo. Meanwhile, they make themselves out worse than they really are by pretending to withhold from the bitter need of humanity a true, non-surgical cure for cancer. If this were true; if, indeed, they had solved the problem which has baffled the greatest minds of modern science; if, having a genuine cure for the dreadful ailment which claims its increasing thousands of tortured victims yearly, they secrete their discovery for the sake of a few paltry dollars, then they are as cold-hearted as the sailors who pass within fair hail of the naked island on which some shipwrecked crew is starving, and keep their stony eyes on the compass. They have not even the excuse of the fanatical among the Christian Scientists who, denying the existence of pain, refuse to take measures to ease the cancer victim's suffering even at the last. Human nature is seldom so callous.

THAT THE STREAM of emigration from the United States to Canada has been checked or diverted to some part of our own country is a report which crops up at intervals. Such talk represents the hope rather than the belief of the Northwest. Those Americans who have listened to the logic of Canadian agents are largely drawn from among Europeans who responded to the lure of America, perhaps twenty years ago. They bought cheap land in Minnesota and saw it grow valuable. They see a chance to buy cheap land in Canada and watch it increase in price. They have submitted to being exploited by steamship companies, railroads, land agents, loan sharks, and commission merchants because money could be made quickest in that way. If Canada can offer quicker returns on such an investment, how can we hold these people? In the Southwest, that land of hopes, they have a way of saying, confirmed by general experience, that "you got to smile on a lady seven days in the week if you want her permanent address to be the same as yours."

A WORD FROM LINCOLN

MANY IN LINCOLN believe that the Presidential Runner-up will try again. In the words of one of Mr. BRYAN's townsmen to this weekly, "all accord him the pleasant anticipation of another strenuous campaign such as only he knows how to pull off." Says our Lincoln correspondent:

"Politics is the great theme of conversation in Mr. BRYAN's town. Of course, every Lincolnite knows BRYAN, knows him well, and even, in reminiscent mood, speaks of him as 'BILL.' For it is a matter of great pride with the inhabitants of Lincoln, Nebraska, to know BRYAN personally, when away from home at least. It is not uncommon to hear one of these cheerful liars, when in a distant town, speak with fond recollections of the evenings he has spent on the capacious porch at Fairview, blowing smoke rings into the air and gravely discussing the probable result of the next election. The traveling Lincolnite has spoken to BRYAN and has felt his kindly handshake, and received that broad smile which is given to friend and foe. Maybe he has gone out to Fairview to see the Jersey cows and shorthorn cattle that Mr. BRYAN delights in, and stood on the front porch and viewed the 'fair view' there apparent. But none of the inhabitants of Lincoln have the keen vision of WILLIS J. ABBOTT, the magazine writer, who stood on that porch and gazed upon the broad bosom of the placid Platte lying fifty miles or more to the north. However, few have the personal acquaintance with the famous Democrat assumed by the cheerful liar who is far enough away from home to have no fear of being found out. Although Mr. BRYAN is a member of the 'Bill' Club of Arkansas Springs, none of his personal friends in Lincoln have the temerity to call him by that familiar sobriquet. His wife calls him WILLIAM; his brother calls him WILL; but none of the 'fellows' call him 'BILL,' except when they are away from home. A member of the clubs of the city, he seldom takes his lunch with the business men, because of stress of work during the few days he spends in Lincoln. On rare occasions, when he does lunch at the Commercial Club, he is the constant centre of an interested crowd, and the topic of conversation there for days afterward. Lincoln recognizes that BRYAN is its chief claim to the notice of the world. It regards him as its chief advertising feature, and if he is ever again the candidate for the Presidency he will receive the votes of many ardent Republicans because they want to see a fellow townsman exalted and their city advertised."

Without revealing our own opinion, at the present moment, we are pleased to spread this one before a gaping world. Better first in Lincoln, Nebraska, CÆSAR said, than second in Washington. [The compositors don't like this quotation.] At any rate, there's plenty of fun along the way, even though one never becomes President. That is secondary in importance.

PECULIARLY AMERICAN, in the spirit which prompts it and makes it successful, is the quaint institution of Tag Day, which, of late, has taken a place in the Middle West almost as generally recognized as the regular holidays of the year. Of all those forms of good-natured blackmail, of which the church fair is the ancientest and most derided example, this is most bountiful in results. Thousands of little paper badges are printed, bearing some such legend as "Tag Day, October 1, Forest City Old People's Home." Buttonhole strings are attached to these by the thousands of knots tied by the devoted fingers of the members of the Woman's Club. On the day appointed, in every shop, at every favorite corner, on the bridges and railroads, is posted one of these indefatigable ladies, a basket of tags by her side. "Ah, I see you're not tagged?" "All right—how much does it cost?" grins the victim. "Nothing at all—whatever you wish—the money goes to the Old People's Home." The stingiest, anxious at least to insure himself against further attack, deposits his cent and ties the badge of immunity to his coat lapel. The free-handed, subtly won by the chance of easy popularity, buys a handful and strings them down his coat. The merchants and manufacturers, carefully solicited the day before, send out their wagons fluttering with tags. Rickety grocery and meat-market horses gallop their weary round with tags braided into their manes and tails and winking from their ears. As the day progresses the cumulative contagion grows. The town flames with scarlet tags. Not to have one is to be a man set apart, to stamp under foot a spark of the joy of living. The town humorist is plastered with tags, the town plutocrat pays for his in greenbacks, and "Keep the change," says he; the delivery wagons of the town "metropolitan" grocer are like yachts at a review. By nightfall the hospital, or the rest room, or the old ladies' home, has several thousands of dollars in hard cash, and this from a city of perhaps not more than thirty thousand men, women, and babies all told. All the American love for "folks," and that half-grinning, half-self-deprecatory resignation in the common fate underlies this contagion of Tag Day. And the pleasant thing is that, without that vague atmospheric hypocrisy which so often surrounds the church fair, the necessary money is gathered, and the town has actually increased its sense of its own solidarity and added to the gaiety of the day's work.

MANSFIELD

THE LOSS TO OUR STAGE from RICHARD MANSFIELD's death is one which we could ill afford. Not only one of our two or three ablest actors, he was, what is more important, a "producer" of daring and originality, who put upon the stage plays at which the routine American manager would be as frightened as if he saw a ghost, and he put on nearly always plays which had some interest for the intellect and the imagination. The only shortcoming which it is necessary to note was that he was too much a "star," too little willing to have members of his company share in his success. In spite of that defect he did much, for one man, to give some vitality to our theatre;—to the art which in our great and pleasure-loving country is controlled and conducted like any industrial monopoly, except that most trusts are in the hands of more enlightened men.

The Sage of Princeton

by

WALLACE IRWIN

I

WITH Democratic skies o'erhung
And madness on the Party's tongue,
The Sage of Princeton walks among
The clover.
A votary of Pan is he,
Close to the flowers; yet you can see
There lights no little busy Bee
On Grover.

II

BUT if, beside the cabbage stalk,
You linger in your morning walk,
You'll find him nothing loath to talk
It over.
Still wisely willing to repeat
His phrases ponderously neat—
In fact, there's still a deal of meat
To Grover.

III

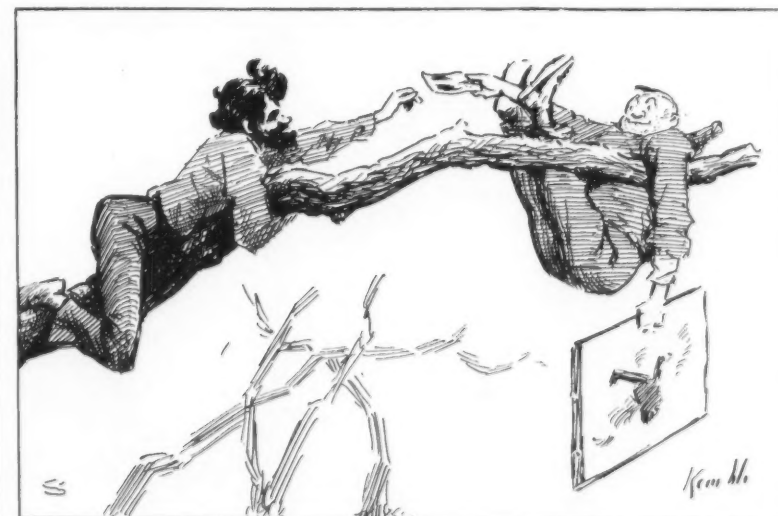
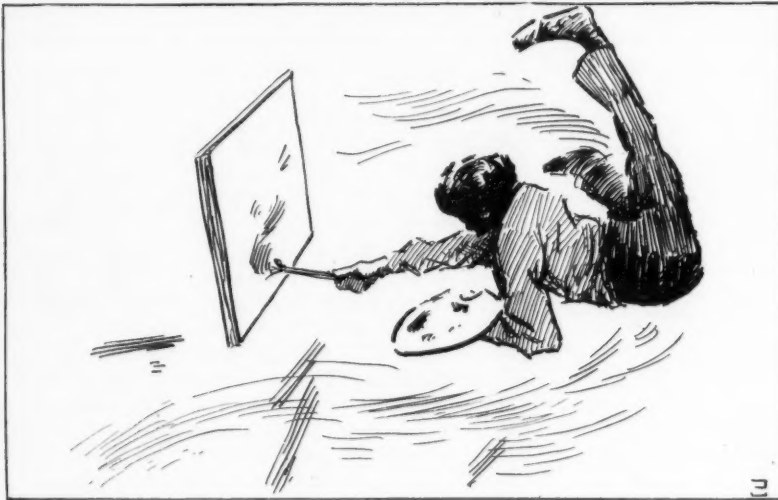
UNLIKE the actress, grown passée,
Forever on her "farewell play,"
He means it when he says his day
Is over.
He has no whim to roguishly
Flirt with the jade Publicity—
There's not a trace of coquetry
In Grover.

IV

YET he can point a decalogue
To lead the Faithful from the bog;
He still can call the Yellow Dog:
"Come, Rover!"
Though Dr. Osler may speak rude,
"Innocuous desuetude"
Is not quite able to include
Our Grover.

V

THE name of Parker is accurst,
And Bryan echoes back to Hearst;
But Grover smiles, until the worst
Is over.
A Cæsar, willing to remain
Far from the madding Safe Insane,
He keeps his title very plain—
Just "Grover."



High Art Sometimes Pays

The Genius and the Cyclone

By

E. W. KEMBLE

The Medium Game

Behind the Scenes with Spiritualism

By WILL IRWIN

QONE must begin an article on the medium "graft" with apologies to the people of the dark. He who denies "a priori" that there exists a sixth sense, by which so-called clairvoyants and clairaudients see without eyes, hear without ears, and know without personal experiences, proves himself as narrow in one direction as the most credulous spiritualist in the other. Mankind believed in this sixth sense, revered it, wore it into legend and tradition, for forty centuries before science accorded it the recognition of investigation. The body of scientific and semiscientific investigators known as the "Society for Psychical Research" took it up, and out of their investigations came a conviction, now widely held by the most intelligent people, that such a faculty—call it telepathy, spirit communication, higher space, or what you will—does exist. Science gropes on the border of this strange country, uncertain still whether it is a domain or only a mirage. So much one must grant in the beginning. Beyond that all is fraud. Ninety-eight per cent of the professional "mediums" are impostors, gouging dollars out of the public through an elaborate system of psychological deception, apparatus, and conjuring. These articles have nothing to do with real clairvoyance—if it exists—or real spirit return—if that be possible. They are concerned only with those humble, unsung adventurers who gain an easy living by playing upon the deep pieties of the human heart. The game demands talent, long study, and personality in the player.

I—Demonstrating Immortality

IN the patter of spiritualism there are two kinds of mediums—"psychic" and "physical." The psychics are those who, in trance or semitrance, receive impressions and definite communications from the spirits of men and women gone before; the physicals are those who produce effects with matter, such as causing bits of pencils to write on slates independent of human propulsion, forcing objects to float unsupported in the air, and, supreme feat of all, bringing the spirits of the dead, full-clothed in new flesh, from cabinets. Let us follow a typical séance of each kind; let us "sit" first with Madame August, trance, test, and clairvoyant medium, who is at home to private sitters every day from 9 to 5, and who demonstrates immortality in the circle every Sunday and Wednesday evening.

Madame August holds her circles in a dingy back parlor on the West Side of New York. The game is the same the country over; the same kind of medium, the same methods, the same peculiar types among the sitters, the same surroundings. Just such circles are meeting this very evening on Columbus Avenue, Boston, on Cottage Grove Avenue, Chicago, and on Eddy Street, San Francisco.

The Musty Setting of a Spook Drama

THE decorations of Madame August's soul parlors are middle-class domestic, much gone to seed. The walls sport three or four crayon enlargements of good and homely people, a steel engraving of Isaac and Rebecca, a lithograph of Henry Ward Beecher, a very bad painting of Laughing Eyes, the Indian control, a worsted motto, reading, "Show Your Faces," and three or four feminine gawags, like a gilded fire-shovel. Near the folding-doors is a table covered with a fringed "throw," and at the other end of the room a parlor melodeon. About the walls stand a saggy sofa and a dozen assorted chairs. The circle is small; for Madame August, who is growing fairly successful, charges fifty cents a sitter. Larger crowds come to the ten and twenty-five cent séances, but this higher price assures a select class of patrons, who are as likely as not to come back for private tests at two dollars an hour.

Madame August's manager, a little, genial man with head half-bald and hair half-moth-eaten, meets you at the door and collects your fifty cents. The sitters comprise two or three old ladies in black, two giggling half-impressed girls, and three sad-eyed men of middle age. Each sitter, as he passes in, drops upon the table some article—a watch, a glove, a ring, or a handkerchief. This is for the help of the medium—through them she "gets your magnetism." The circle speaks in whispers; it is like the moment before church service.

"Good evening, friends," says a highly inflected voice from the doorway—and Madame August enters. Comfortably fat, like most mediums, she is tightly girdled where the waist line ought to be. One notes a loose sash, a cloth skirt, diamond ear-drops, a bang, and false teeth. The chubby and comfortable appearance of her face contrasts with the far-away, glaring expression of her eyes. This expression is a part of the stock in trade. Some mediums have it naturally; others must practise.

The manager opens proceedings with a discourse,

ungrammatical, mystic, full of sentimentalities. "And now," he concludes, "if Mrs. Burcham will lead us at the organ, our friend will put herself in rapport with those bright influences. I trust, friends, that you'll all get something good and helpful to-night." During the singing, Madame August sits behind the table and stares into vacancy. Now and then she shudders violently; now and then she lets her gaze range the ceiling as though following the course of the spirit people. This is a test and clairvoyant séance. Her control, Laughing Eyes, the Indian maid, takes possession of her just far enough so that the eyes and ears of flesh can see and hear the spirits which hover about in such great abundance. When she is under full control, at two dollars an hour, Laughing Eyes takes full possession of her senses. Upon waking, she does not know what Laughing Eyes has said through her.

The singing is done. In a tense silence, Madame August rises and stands at the table. She shudders; and her hand moves toward a locket.

"I get a strange influence when I lift this piece of foolry," she begins. "Like there was a kind of a heaviness here—Who sent this up?" She touches her chest and sweeps the circle with her eyes.

One of the old ladies in black—the smallest among them—lifts a timid hand.

"I was attracted your way when you came into the room, you understand," says Madame August. "And I get, right over your head, the letter 'J.' Have you any one in sperrit that begins with a 'J'?" I can't be sure, but I seem to get John.

"My husband," answers the little old lady in black.

"Yes, your husband," says Madame August. "Tell me, he passed out of pneumonia like, didn't he—and I get the number seven—wasn't it about seven years ago?" The little woman in black nods her head.

"Now, you never saw me before, did you, little lady?" asks Madame August. "Because I want you to know that it's the sperrit that's telling you this and not me. He's a tall man—yes, yes, Laughing Eyes, bring him closer—and on his vest he's got a badge like, and I see a helmet on it—do you recognize that?"

"His Knights of Pythias pin," says the little lady, and, for no apparent reason, she lifts her handkerchief and begins to cry. Madame August, taking the cue, drops her voice to a sentimental, popular-preacher tone.

"He wants me to say that he was with you when you bent over his dead clay in the coffin and put that pin there. He knows how you said to yourself, 'I don't want him to wear that pin in the grave, because I've thought, sometimes, he liked his lodge better than me. The only thing his poor, abandoned body will wear to the grave will be my ring that I gave him.' But your better nature was asserting itself, and you said,

'I'll be forgiving,' and you put the pin in his vest pocket. He wants you to know that he was standing right beside you influencing you to do right, and he knows now, dear one, that you're glad you done it. And he wants me to say that he's got his hand on your head now, and he's asking you not to worry too much about R. Do you understand?"

By this time the whole séance is dissolved in tears. The little lady in black manages to sob out a recognition of R. The evening has begun beautifully.

"R just will drink, won't he?" pursues the medium.

The sitter nods.

"John tells me that there's a way with R. John knows, dear one, the pain and anguish you've suffered, and his own heart beats with a father's love for R. Come to me some time alone, little lady, for there's something private John wants to tell you—"

Madame August breaks off abruptly, and her eyes begin to follow ghosts about the room.

"George!" she says with an effect of puzzled awe. "Who is George?" The young girls exchange glances.

"I see the name of 'George' written right between you two young ladies. Tell me, which of you had a George?"

The taller girl is of the shop-girl type—neat, pretty, a bit underfed. It is she who speaks now.

"In the spirit?" she says. White paper and ink can not convey inflections. She says it in a tone of inquiry and slight surprise. A dull ear would have missed it; a medium has trained ears.

"No, in the flesh," says Madame August decisively. "You're bothered about George, ain't you?"

"Well, not exactly—"

"I know, it ain't between George and you like it was once. Do you know any one in sperrit that begins with an 'M'?"

The sitter bends over to her plump companion. They whisper a moment, and then respond, in dialogue, that there was a Mary—in the store with them—that died—

"She knew George, didn't she?" asks Madame August.

"Well, a little," says the sitter.

"Of course she did—she talked to him when he came into the store to see you. M tells me that she was a little took with him herself." The circle smiles; the sitter looks foolish.

"Wait a minute till I get her influence stronger. There's an 'A' after the 'M'—ain't it Mary?"

"Yes," says one girl, and "Mary O'Brien" the other.

"Well, my dear, there's a great many bright sperrit faces here to-night, and they're all asking a hearing out of me, so I can't give you any more proofs for identity out of Mary. But she wants to tell you that George's state of mind ain't permanent."



Madame August, trance, test, and clairvoyant medium

"He'll come back?" says the sitter eagerly.

"There's a bad influence over him," says Madame August. "It'll take time to remove it, but your sperrit friends are working for you. I get an eight and I see a hand writing March, and I'm ordered-like to tell you that conditions will change on the eighth of March. You mayn't know it, but they'll change. Come to me some time when we're alone, dear," and then her eyes travel to the other girl—the plump one. The giggle is all out of this sitter now; her eyes are wide with awe.

"My dear," says Madame August, addressing her, "there's a sperrit that guides me—" she sweeps her hand over the table—"to this purse. It's yours, ain't it?"

The purse, to an awed movement of the circle, is acknowledged. Madame August compresses its sides, making apparent its emptiness.

"A careful young lady, ain't you?" she says. The circle laughs at this shot, and the sitter, who has in fact tucked her money into her glove before sending up the purse, blushes red in confusion.

"When sperrits crowned me with the gift of mediumship," says Madame August, "they taught me I'd have to take a lot from sitters. There is always people that doubt a medium. So I'll forgive you. It seems to me, when I picked up this purse, that I got somehow a mother's influence, and just then I saw a light across your head which means psychic gifts. You're mediumistic. Didn't you ever have influences and feelings that you couldn't explain? I bet you, when that girl in the store was arrested last Wednesday for duplicating cash-slips, you said to yourself: 'I knew all the time she was bad.' Laughing Eyes tells me it was the medium in you. When I get your magnetism, I feel a great force." The sitter is visibly impressed.

"Now, young ladies, I'm going to do a thing that I can't always do, but the influence is strong to-night. I'm going to give your names. I never saw either of you before, but Laughing Eyes has 'em. For you—" to the tall one—"I see an S and a D. S-u-s—Susie—ain't that right?—Susan Davis—and for you I get M-a—Margaret— Lady, lady, it ain't right to whisper in the séance—there's so many sperrit voices whispering around me that I get the voices on the earth plane and voices on the flesh plane mixed, so I can't go further with this young lady's name. You simply scared Bright Eyes off. But didn't I get it right as far as I went?" The two girls "acknowledge," and lead in the applause that follows.

The séance lags a little over the next sitter, a blond man with a German accent, who recognizes as his a watch that Madame August lifts from the table. He is foolishly willing to help, but the spirits bungle. Madame gets his mother in spirit, finds that his mother is alive, switches to a sister, and discovers that he can not recognize as his one "Hans" whom she sees standing by his shoulder. Finally, Madame August gets him to recognize the spirit of his Aunt Gertfude, who comes with her arms full of flowers. Aunt Gertrude tells him that he is troubled over property and that it concerns a will. When he reveals that there is no will, Madame August tells him that she sees success written over his forehead, and that conditions will change in September. At this point she is seized by an influence which leads her to a rather shabby man who sits in the corner pulling down a pair of celluloid cuffs.

Comfort for Lily

"THERE'S a Lily right over your head," she says, "and with it comes such a bright, cheery sperrit. And who's Morris? And what is that about Lily's grave?"

"We put a lily on her tombstone," says the shabby man in a half whisper.

"That's it; she recognizes you. Lily and Morris was far apart when he passed out, but they're reconciled in sperrit. When I look at Morris I get a strange influence like it was a hand punching paper. And he seems to be moving all the time—"

"He was a conductor," volunteers the sitter. It is a bull's-eye.

"Yes, and he passed out ten years ago by falling off the train. He's holding Lily tight, and he tells me that he didn't jump off the train a-purpose, like some of you thought. The quarrel wasn't anything serious. He was going home that very night to ask Lily to forgive him. That's why they found the little ring when they opened his coat. He was taking it home to his dear one. And now they're happy in sperrit, and they're stretching out their hands to you, telling you that they're making a bright and beautiful place for you." The circle is weeping again. The chief mourner pulls down his celluloid cuffs, takes a last wipe at his eyes, and rises.

"Friends," says he, "I'm a stranger in this city. I was attracted to this lady's place to-night by an advertisement. Though I've been to mediums before, I never took stock in 'em. But I want to say that if she can do to everybody what she just done to me, she certainly has a power I can't explain. Morris was my uncle, and it all happened in our family just like she says."

In much the same way it goes about the circle. This old woman, you learn, is trying to get a word from her

dead boy. He was killed in a fight. Some figment of the old theology clings to her, since she is wildly eager to know if he is happy. This slight, raw-boned spinster weeps with Madame August over the lover she lost fifteen years ago. One by one, they give to this fat and tousled old woman the secrets of their hearts as penitents give to priests the secrets of their souls.

At ten o'clock Madame August announces that the "influence" is passing. The manager starts a hymn, during which she unwinds her convulsions and passes out of control. The evening closes with a spirit benediction, pronounced, on behalf of Laughing Eyes, by Madame August. Four sitters, including the old lady who recognized the Knights of Pythias badge and the two shop-girls, linger to make appointments for private sittings.

How Madame August Earns Her Fees

BUT a medium, as Madame August frequently tells her sitters, has to work hard for all that she gets. Her day is not yet over. When the rest are safely gone, the shabby man of the celluloid cuffs comes back to get his dollar. He knows that true psychics have short memories for mundane things; and besides, he won't be able, in the nature of things, to get employment from this medium as endorser for another three months. There are duplicate gold-ink ballots to be prepared for a private sitting the next evening. There are the obituary columns of the newspapers to study and compare with her test books. Finally, just before she goes to bed, Madame August writes three letters for the manager—her husband—to post. They read almost alike, and one will do for all:

"Two new dopes for book. Names revealed and acknowledged in circle. Susie Davis, works at Macy's.



A husband-manager who can employ his time and talents in going through all the wraps on the hat-rack while the sitting is in progress is an invaluable adjunct to the medium

Love affair. Trouble. Fellow's name is George. Susie acknowledges spirit Mary O'Brien, who worked in store and knew George. Bit for private sitting. Tall, blond, scar on left temple. Margaret (don't know second name, pass it on—if you get it), same store, short, plump, brown hair, dark eyes, neat dresser. Incident of girl in store fired for duplicating cash slips, but better not repeat soon. Margaret bit for development and knew spirit Mary. I gave her your card. K. of P. woman came. Marvelous result. Nothing else to-night."

Fourteen sitters in the circle—seven dollars gross. Deduct a dollar and a half for the pay and admission fee of the confederate, and that leaves only \$5.50 for the night. But it has drawn four appointments for private sittings, which may be stretched out indefinitely by careful work; and some night, out from one of these circles, may flash the easy, rich, and generous "dope" with fame and fortune in her hands. With the money that Mr. Madame August picks up at canvassing, the family, by industry and application, makes a comfortable living.

Now, how did she do it? The first sitter, the little old woman in black, received from the "spirit" one of those small and intimate details which are so very convincing. This sitter is a constant

visitor of cheap mediums. Last week she had a sitting with Mrs. Heywood down the street. Sitters of this type love to tell their troubles. When Mrs. Heywood, "in the trance state," brought out the spirit of John, the husband, this sitter broke down, cried, and told him what happened to that Knights of Pythias badge. When Mrs. Heywood came out of trance, she handed the sitter one of Madame August's cards and recommended these Wednesday evening meetings as wonderful and convincing. The next afternoon, Mrs. Heywood and Madame August met, as usual, to trade information, and Madame August carried away the name of the dead husband, a description of the sitter, and that incident of the pin. Some time she will do as much for Mrs. Heywood.

While she was going under control, Madame August "spotted" Mrs. Heywood's sitter. Her husband and manager, collecting money and taking up wraps at the door, had been making a diagram of the sitters and noting upon it what article each had deposited on the table. That diagram he passed to Madame August as she entered the room. The rest was easy. He who knows not mediums and "dopes" would think that the old woman in black would make a connection between the tale she told Mrs. Heywood and the tale Madame August told her. If she does, it is only to marvel at the strange spirit power by which Madame August has taken fresh from the mind of the spirit the story that he heard only two days before.

The husband-manager, after every one was seated, went through all the wraps on the hat-rack. The shop-girls both wore long coats, Miss Susan Davis left her card case in the pocket of hers. The other girl left a letter, unfortunately without an envelope, and super-scribed merely "Dear Margaret." This referred to her "job" at Macy's. As for "George," that was partly practical psychology and partly luck. It is almost a certainty that, among fourteen sitters, some one will have a George "in the spirit." Madame August asked suddenly, "Who is George?" and looking over the circle for that glance of recognition which the profession knows as a "rise." It came, simultaneously, from the two shop-girls. The manager had already passed up on a card the information taken from their coat pockets. The little uncontrolled inflection, mentioned before, showed that George was alive, and also that he belonged to Susie. Madame August knows that a young girl in a circle is usually there because of a love affair, just as an old woman is there to hear from her beloved dead.

Further, she has had many girls from Macy's for private sittings, so that she knows the store gossip. Hence, Mary O'Brien and the girl caught stealing.

Her failure with the German-looking man was a piece of "fishing" that went wrong. This sitter, while not in the least skeptical, had an immobile face and gave no leads. When she rolled back from him, defeated, she kept things going by switching rapidly to her greasy one-dollar confederate of the celluloid cuffs. His business it is to attend séances, receiving and acknowledging wonderful tests; to talk with sitters in circles, getting information from them and passing it on to the medium; to hunt up special bits of family history concerning rich and generous dupes; and, occasionally, to play ghost for materializing séances. He might be a medium himself were he not addicted to drink; as it is, he manages to live, with leisure and some comfort, in a Mills hotel.

The Risks in Materializing

YET Madame August is only a mediocre in her profession. She lacks subtlety and finesse. She has neither the courage nor the skill to give those slate-writing, rapping, and sealed-envelope "tests" by which the more able and successful clairvoyants supplement their purely psychic gifts. She will never achieve that eminence in the profession which entitles her to a membership in the Brotherhood and possession of the "Blue Book" secrets.

In these days there are a thousand test and trance mediums to one who materializes spirits from the cabinet. This materializing business takes nerve, capital, and long practise. Certain people think it a brilliant trick to snatch the robes from a ghost in the middle of a materializing séance, while there is no possible way of "exposing" a test and trance medium. That consideration, among others, has tended to discourage materializing. Yet materializing workers make the big money; and those who practise it are the thirty-third degree craftsmen of their trade.

I have partly imagined Madame August, trying to convey the type rather than the individual. There is no imagination about this description of a sitting with Minnie E. Williams, probably the greatest materializing medium now in practise.

Mrs. Williams has shown ghosts all over the world, though her three-story house on West 82d Street, New York, is her headquarters. Last winter, for reasons of her own, she retired to an old house on Staten Island. It is hard to get into one of her séances. She has known what it is to have her ghosts snatched by the skeptical; there was, particularly, one painful episode in Paris; and she is careful to open her doors only to

those in whom she reads thorough, reverent belief. For the most part, her sitters are old or middle-aged people in easy circumstances. They have been coming to her for years; and they believe, with a pathetic intensity, that she does indeed bring them their beloved dead.

On this night there were fourteen sitters in her old-fashioned back parlor. Two of us—although Mrs. Williams did not know this—were skeptics, and one was her manager; seven men and four women, all past middle age, were true believers. The "cabinet," a set of dark curtains strung on wires, stood at the furthest end of the room. It was about as big as an old-fashioned clothes-press.

Mrs. Williams is a tall woman of about fifty, and big all over. Her eyes, behind their thick glasses, are shrewd and masterful; her voice has the actress quality

"Have you, dear?" came a woman's voice from the right of the circle.

"She wants the gentleman with you," prattled Bright Eyes. And the second ghost came. A moment before, nothing—and now a white form, a woman, swaying with uncertain feet toward Lady Lulu. There was a movement in the darkness; from his white collar and his dim suggestion of a face, I could see that the manager had stepped up to the ghost, which spoke to him unintelligible words in a gibbering whisper.

"You may come forward, friends, she is strong to-night," said the manager. "Lady Lulu" and the man—he seemed to be her brother—were upon the spirit.

"Oh, my dear children, how long you've mourned!" whispered the spirit, and "Mother!" said the mortals. The rest I could not catch—a broken, low conversa-

"He died by my side in Andersonville," he said.

The next phantom to break into our singing was small and slight—apparently a girl of twelve or fourteen. She walked half-way across the room to embrace her mother. This was wonderfully done, although one caught, behind the mass of white, the flapping of an edge of black drapery. In the spirit, black draperies are better than anti-fat for reducing corpulence.

Bright Eyes sent us about thirty spirits in two hours, and I have no space here to tell of all. William Ellery Channing, whose voice is lighter than that of Mr. Cushman, delivered an address upon the growth of the world in spirit power. A woman to the left of the Colonel met and embraced her mother, her sister, and her son, grown to manhood in the spirit. "Pinky,"



The next phantom . . . was small and slight—apparently a girl of twelve or fourteen. She walked half-way across the room to embrace her mother. . . . One caught, behind the mass of white, the flapping of an edge of black drapery, which, in the spirit, is better than anti-fat for reducing corpulence

that proves long cultivation. Her manner is forceful; and, unlike most professional mediums, she speaks good English. With her in the cabinet, one would hesitate to snatch ghosts.

Mrs. Williams said simply that she hoped for a good manifestation. She trusted—this with her eyes boring into us two new sitters—that every one present believed in her power. If any one didn't, he need never come again. With those few words, she would begin. She entered the cabinet, and the curtains fell before her. Her manager turned off the gas. There remained but a little box of a lamp at our backs. Covered with a red screen and shaded with a shutter like a small window curtain, it gave perhaps ten per cent of full light—enough so that we could see white pretty well, but not black against black.

The manager started "Nearer, my God, to Thee." We sang and waited. No manifestations. He began "Show your Faces." Half-way through, we were stopped by a "s-h-h-h!" from some one in the circle. Tense silence—and a child's voice spoke from the cabinet.

"Good evening, friends," it said.

"Good evening, Bright Eyes," said the circle in chorus. Bright Eyes is one of the cabinet controls. She takes possession of the medium and helps the astral chemists to manufacture real bodies for the spirits.

Silence again for a half-minute. Then a deep, full male voice spoke. It had the bass-viol vibrations of an orator—it resembled greatly the platform voice of Robert G. Ingersoll.

"Friends, let us hope for convincing demonstrations," said the voice.

"Good evening, Mr. Cushman," said the circle. It was, in fact, Mr. Frank Cushman, Mrs. Williams's famous cabinet control, whose bass voice is the envy of the profession.

Then Bright Eyes spoke—a gurgling, happy, child voice, not nearly so successful as Mr. Cushman's, but a fine piece of work nevertheless.

"There's a lady—he-he-goo—coming right out to see you in a minute."

Then came the ghost. A point of phosphorescent white gleamed on the floor before the cabinet. It grew, up, up—it was a woman in glittering white, her head swathed as though for the grave. It glided forward one step, wavered, and melted to the size of a baby, a spot—and nothing.

"Priscilla—she always comes first—wasn't it a beautiful dematerialization?" whispered the old gentleman to my left.

"Ha-ha-ha, I got a spirit for Lady Lulu!" chuckled Bright Eyes.

tion, interrupted by sobs. They must have talked for a full minute before the manager warned the two mortals away. The ghost, backing to the cabinet, disappeared. In the rests of the next hymn, I could hear the brother and sister crying and comforting each other. They were not confederates, these two. One learns to know that brood.

Mr. Cushman's sonorous and measured voice broke into the strains of "Beulah Land."

"We are glad to greet two old and famous friends—Phoebe and Alice Carey."

"Oh!" gasped the circle. Two phantoms, white, luminous, and slender, stood in the folds of the curtains before Mrs. Williams's cabinet. They neither spoke nor advanced; they only stood and swayed for a few seconds. Curiously, they swayed together. When Alice went to the right, Phoebe followed; and when Phoebe swayed back, Alice followed. That is the only technical criticism I have to offer on the evening's performance—Mrs. Williams should learn to move her hand and body in separate time. Yet this is but carping.

Mrs. Williams's Repertory of Spirits

THE next ghosts were mere etherealizations before the curtains. Mr. Cushman explained that they were friends without enough power, yet, to attain full development. Bright Eyes broke in on his discourse:

"Oh, I can't perzackly see William, but he is with Lady Ethel!"

"Yes, Bright Eyes dear," said a man's voice.

"I like your voice and I'm going to like you!" said Bright Eyes.

"Why, Bright Eyes!" said Dr. Cushman. The circle forgot its tears to laugh. That was a wonderful thing about these sentimentalists—the rapidity with which they passed from choking grief to mirth. It became serious enough a moment later, when the curtains parted and a spot of white at about the height of a man's head quivered by the cabinet. A voice muttered through the darkness in the querulous tones of a sick man. The spot resolved itself into a collar, a patch of shirt, and a face, surmounting, probably, a suit of dark clothes.

"For the Colonel," said the manager. The old man at my left rose and went to the cabinet. The ghost backed up until the curtains hid everything but his head. There he talked to the Colonel. One caught phrases—"a wonder any of us lived—" "yes, you held my hand until the end—" "Ah, Albert, he was a good comrade!" The white face flickered and died; the old man came back, blowing his nose.

the cabinet control of Mrs. Maynard, materialized and let us all look at her. Mr. Cushman explained that Mrs. Maynard was the medium who lived in the White House and helped Lincoln conduct the war through spirit advice. Finally, Mr. Cushman himself materialized. He stood forth, a tall man in evening dress—at least, one saw the V of his shirt front—and said a few words. His voice was a little tired by that time; it was not nearly so sonorous as in the beginning. Henry Ward Beecher—so Bright Eyes said—was trying to materialize; but a thunder-storm which had begun to rumble outside disturbed the conditions. Finally, as the thunder came louder and a burst of lightning illuminated the room, Mr. Cushman said:

"Good night, friends, I am losing control." He muttered a few faint words, and silence fell upon the cabinet.

Mrs. Williams and Mr. Cushman are artists. We did not behold the lights come up and wait to see the medium awake and rub her eyes. That is for the mere artisans of the trade. We fled out of the dark room, closed the door, and made for the Stapleton train, leaving her to her controls.

On the way home the faithful eleven talked it over. They were in an exalted state—people who had lain upon the white stone among the dream folk. They had dwelt for a night with the True Romance.

One—a prosperous city business man from his dress—said cheerfully:

"That makes three hundred and twenty-six times this medium has brought my wife in four years, and I've kissed her every time since the first. Her hands used to be cold, but she's got so strong now that they're as warm as they were in earth life."

A woman of comfortable middle age said:

"I got only three of my folks to-night, and they didn't come very far out, but Mrs. Williams is going to give us a private family séance next month and I hope for them all. I expect that she'll have Uncle Charlie materialized by that time—he's tried so hard to come!"

"Wasn't William Ellery Channing's sermon uplifting?" said another, coming out of a reverie.

Thirty ghosts—men, women, children; young, old; fat, slim; tall, short—and all in two hours! Yet, by all that is known of Mrs. Williams's profession, she did it without a single confederate. No creature, on this side of the grave, was in the cabinet with her that night.

Later in this series I will try to show how Mrs. Williams obtains these convincing demonstrations of immortality.

Lyrics by-

By CHARLES BELMONT DAVIS

The Little Poster Maid

By FREDERIC RANKEN—From *The Ameer*

SIDE by side on a wall displayed, they posed,
so the story ran.
She was a dainty Poster Maid, while he was
a Poster Man;

In Gobelin blue they'd flirt, these two:
He'd smile a saffron smile,
She'd turn her orange face away.
But greenly watch the while.

She was a dainty little Poster Maid,
A sad coquette was she,
With an ankle trim and a well-turned limb
And a figure fine to see.
He glanced at her in a manner bold,
Quite shocking, I'm afraid.
When he asked for a kiss she posed like
this,
For she was a Poster Maid.

He told his love as there they stood on a dull
vermilion street.
They redly glowed, as lovers should, from
head to their old gold feet.

His yellow hair he'd madly tear;
Her pale green blush grew nil
As she pinkly said: "A Prince I'd wed.
While you're but a Poster 'Bill.'"

She was a fickle little Poster Maid,
A sad coquette was she,
With an ankle trim and a well-turned limb
And a figure fine to see.
He tried to frown an umber brown
(They'd used another shade).
Instead of brown she turned him down
For she was a Poster Maid.

And so she lived till one dark night the driz-
zling rain came down,
Came down in sheets on the scarlet streets
and spoiled her magenta gown.

The Posters all felt blue next morn.
They knew the truth that day.
Amid the wet this coy coquette
Must quite have run away.

She was a dainty little Poster Maid,
A sad coquette was she,
With an ankle trim and a well-turned limb
And a figure fine to see.
The Posters knew that she must go,
For storms must be obeyed;
They'd learned at last she was not fast,
Tho' she was a Poster Maid.

The Maid and the Mandarin

By WALLACE IRWIN—From *A Yankee Tourist*

IN a tall pagoda of Wei-Hei-Wei
Lived a Mandarin who was old and
thin,
And he called to a Maid who was passing by:
"Oh, Chin-Chin-Chin, won't you please
come in
And be the bride of a Mandarin?
Bow-wow, Kow-tow,
And be the bride of a Mandarin?"
So the neat little Ting-a-ling winked her eye
At the Mandarin and she said: "Pin-pin!
I should like to live in a castle high
And be the bride of a Mandarin.
Wee-toy! Mok-joy!
And be the bride of a Mandarin."

CHORUS

For it's fee-fo-fum and it's wee-wo-wum,
She gave her hand to a Mandarin.
She said she was true, but I think—don't
you?—
That she was out for the tin-tin-tin.

HE author of the dialogue, or the
"book," as it is called, of a modern
comic opera invariably insists that
his work does not, or can not, re-
ceive proper treatment, as the per-
formers were not engaged for their
ability as actors, but solely on
account of their voices. The com-
poser of the music takes the ex-
actly opposite point of view and
claims that the women were engaged for their looks
and the men for their ability only, and that they can not
sing his music at all. But if you are willing to take his
word for it, the man who writes the lyrics is the most ill-
used, misunderstood creature alive. Misunderstood he
certainly is, for it is very seldom that any one in an
audience has much idea of what a song is about, and
usually none at all when sung as a chorus. It is a well-
established rule, in compounding a comic opera, that
the importance of the words of a lyric should be in
inverse ratio to the number of people who sing them.
That is, if a lyric writer has anything to say, he says
it in a solo rather than in an ensemble. With a keen
understanding of this our modern lyricist usually opens
his opera with some choice chorus, such as:

Gaily tripping, lightly skipping,
Happy all our hearts to-day;
Looks entrancing, set us dancing,
Driving all our cares away;
Yes, driving all our cares away.

ALTHOUGH the dialogues and lyrics of the comic
operas of to-day may not be of superlative merit,
there have been moments when they were very
much worse. For instance, we can hark back to the
Byron burlesques, which are probably the earliest form
of musical comedy our older generation of theatre-goers
can remember. For the happy recollection of this older
generation, who talk of the "palmy days" and recall
the bubbling wit of H. J. Byron, as exposed in such
of his burlesques as "Babes in the Wood," "The Maid
and the Magpie," and "Robinson Crusoe," I quote
some of the bubbling wit from the latter. The scene
is between Pretty Jenny Pigtail and Hoop-de-Dooden-
doo, King of the Caribbee Islands.

Enter HOOP-DE-DOODEN-DOO from back R.

JENNY (with a smothered shriek). Oh! who are
you?
HOOP (blandly). Most interesting strangers, how
do you do?

[Atkins is horribly alarmed, and shakes violently.
HOOP (taking JENNY's hand). Lubly young female—
JENNY. Nigger, let me go!
Who are you?

HOOP. If you really wish to know,
[Makes a war-whoop—the stage is covered in-
stantaneously with Indians, as in the great
scene of the "Lady of the Lake"—ATKINS falls.
HOOP (à la Roderick Dhu). These are my Carib
warriors true.

And I am Hoop-de-Dooden-doo! (Chord.)
JENNY. What will become of us?
HOOP. Miss, marry me.
You've e-ribbed the heart of this poor Caribbee. (Brand-
ishing a tomahawk.) If you don't wed this Carib, you
I'll gib dis!

JENNY. I feel that I'm 'tween Scylla and Charyb-dis.
HOOP. You shall be missus of my home and tribe—
There's something in your looks I can't describe.
Oh, Jenny, say you'll be my squaw.

JENNY. Get out, you.
HOOP. There is such a Jenny say s-quaw about you
DUET. "Carry me back to old Virginny."
HOOP. The mighty Hoop-de-dooden-doo's

A monarch absolute,
And no one ever dare refuse
To smile upon his suit.

JENNY. But I'm a British maiden bold,
And Jenny begs to state,
You're ugly, black, and much too old,
So pray absquatulate.

WHEN Lydia Thompson and her British Blondes,
who introduced the Byron burlesque to America,
returned to England, they left Willie Edouin and
Alice Atherton here to carry on the good work, and our
fathers were fed on Robinson Crusoe and his savage
friends until about thirty years since, when there arose
a new star, who turned from the myths and lore of the
nursery to the foibles of the people of his own time.

No man probably ever entered the field of lyric writ-
ing so brilliantly equipped by natural endowment and
training as W. S. Gilbert. His Bab Ballads had long
shown him to be the first English writer of humorous
verse, and his knowledge of the stage had been acquired
through years of the writing and the producing of the
best of comedies. His brilliant, if biting, wit, his stage-
management, and his extraordinary ability to juggle with
the words of the English language in verse, stamped
him at once as the greatest of all writers of comic
opera. His form is still the model and the envy of all
our comic lyricists, and his work occupies precisely the
same superlative niche which it did thirty years ago.
Unlike his predecessors and most of his successors, he
did not believe that a few comic scenes with so many
interpolated numbers were the only necessary ingre-
dients of a comic opera. First of all, he believed that it
was necessary to tell a story, and that every word of
dialogue, every line of every musical number, should
develop that story to its logical conclusion. Take, for
instance, his opening chorus in "Princess Ida," which
occurs in a pavilion attached to the King's palace. Tra-
dition says he should have opened the scene with dainty
flower girls, who, arm in arm, would have informed us
musically that they were "gaily tripping," or he might
have had his male chorus sitting about on tables drink-
ing out of large empty mugs and singing the while
about "slowly sipping." That is the way most of our
modern lyricists in this mile-a-minute age of ours
choose to begin; but Gilbert did not seem to have the
time for this. He had a story to tell, and only three
short acts to start and finish in, so he begins:

Search throughout the panorama
For a sign of Royal Gama,
Who to-day should cross the water
With his fascinating daughter—
Ida is her name.

Some misfortune evidently
Has detained them—consequently
For the daughter of King Gama,
Search throughout the panorama
Prince Hilarion's flame!

Thus, in two short stanzas, he has his story well
under way. There are so many examples of his lyrics
that not only develop plot, but the personality of his
characters, that it is difficult to choose; but the trio in
"The Mikado," in which Ko-Ko, Pitti-Sing, and Pooh-
Bah tell of Nanki-Poo's death, is, perhaps, as good as
any. For lack of space I quote only Pooh-Bah's verse:

Now though you'd have said that head was dead
(For its owner dead was he),
It stood on its neck with a smile well bred,
And bowed three times to me!

It was none of your impudent offhand nods,
But as humble as could be;
For it clearly knew
The deference due
To a man of pedigree!
And it's oh, I vow,
This deathly bow
Was a touching sight to see;
Though trunkless, yet
It couldn't forget
The deference due to me.

From the same opera there is a refrain of another
trio, which is a good example of how Gilbert juggled
words.

To sit in sullen silence in a dull, dark dock,
In a pestilential prison, with a life-long lock,
Awaiting the sensation of a short, sharp shock,
From a cheap and chippy chopper on a big black block!

Although Gilbert's work has been generally accepted as the standard for our American lyric writers, their task has, for the most part, been a very different one. Gilbert wrote an opera around an idea, and when the opera was complete, engaged a company to interpret his characters. For the last twenty years the curious melange of comedy, vaudeville, extravaganza, farce, and *revue*, which we call musical comedy, has been usually ordered by a manager to fit the personality of a particular man or woman star. Sometimes the garment fits

at the first trying, and more often it does not. In the latter case, the dialogue is changed, new lyrics are written, new composers are called in, and many musical numbers, having nothing to do with the subject in hand, are bought from the ever-ready stores of the song publisher, and interpolated where they can do the most good. The thread of plot the opera once contained is generally lost sight of entirely, and the performance develops into a more or less amusing series of separate comedy scenes and catchy musical numbers. For this

reason our song writers have little to consider beyond a good theme and then how to present it in the most attractive form possible. The different lyrics printed herewith, in whole or in part, are probably representative of the best work which has been done by our American versifiers. The choice has been made after a long course of theatre-going, much research through the dusty shelves of the music publishers, and more particularly after heart-to-heart talks with the lyric writers themselves.

A Little Girl in Blue

By R. B. SMITH—From *A Knight for a Day*

IN the very first row of a Broadway show
There sat a stage-door chappie;
He gazed wide-eyed and he tried to decide
Which girl would make him happy.
At last he wrote out a little note—
"To the girl in blue," it read;
Then he started for the old stage door,
And as each came out he said:

REFRAIN

You're not the little girl I wrote to,
You're not the little girl I know,
You're not the one I sent the note to,
To meet me after the show.
Before I am off with the old love,
I can not be on with the new;
I know you are very, very pretty,
But you're not the little girl in blue.
First there came the willowy, blue-eyed blonde,
"Original Sextetter";
And then a prize of the pony size:
When she passed on, he let her;
One of those bright lights who had worn pink tights
And now wore a gown of red;
But no one would do but the one in blue,
And he only shook his head.

My Particular Friend

By EDGAR SMITH—From *Twirly Whirly*

MAUD MORAINÉ is her stage—not her regular—
name,
She's a genuine chorus girlie;
If you want to tip her off to anything new,
The porter must call you early.
She knows her New York, and if Hummel would talk
She could kill you; no jury would hang her;
She once met Mark Klaw, and she gives it out raw
That she isn't afraid of Erlanger.
She knows all the up-to-to-morrow new gags,
Besides knowing everything we know;
She's got the stage-managers groggy, or out,
From the Dewey up to the Casino.
When they get in a rage, she says: "You to your cage;
I don't take no back talk from no man!
My particular friend is an intimate friend
Of an intimate friend of Frohman.
My particular friend is an intimate friend
Of an intimate friend of Frohman."

Toyland

By GLEN MACDONOUGH—From *Babes in Toyland*

WHEN you've grown up, my dears,
And are as old as I,
You'll often ponder on the years
That roll so swiftly by,
My dears, that roll so swiftly by.
And of the many lands
You will have journeyed through,
You'll oft recall the best of all,
The land your childhood knew!

Toyland! Toyland!
Little girl and-boyland,
When you dwell within it you are ever happy then;
Childhood's Joyland!
Mystic, merry Toyland!
Once you pass its borders you can ne'er return again.

When you've grown up, my dears,
There comes a dreary day
When 'mid the locks of black appears
The first pale gleam of gray.
My dears, the first pale gleam of gray;
Then of the past you'll dream.
As gray-haired grown-ups do,
And seek once more its phantom shore,
The land your childhood knew.

May and December

By JOSEPH HERBERT—From *The Land of Delft*

MR. DECEMBER and little Miss May,
They met one day,
The usual way.
He was a frosty old chap, but gay;
A bit blasé.
He bowed to May.
May was a giddy and gay young thing,
Fond of frivolity, liked her fling;
Mr. December was caught, on the string,
That day,
By May.

Next door to May was a fellow called June,
Who used to spoon,
And croon and moon.
Telling his love to her night and noon;
This ardent loon,
He won her soon.
She was as fickle as April day;
From old December she ran away.
She was a fanciful, frivolous fay,
Was May.
Ohé!
Then came a chap that was known as New Year,
With mien austere,
And frown severe,
Ordered them from his domain to clear.
Ignored each tear:
"Away from here!
Out from the calendar you must go!
Buried in shroud of departed snow,
Down in the valley of—Ages Ago—
So sere,
And drear!"

I Want What I Want When I Want It

By HENRY BLOSSOM—From *Mlle. Modiste*

THOUGH fools may prate of the married state,
And the evils of bachelor life,
I'm happier far than the married men are,
Who are cursed with a shrew of a wife.
I drink my fill if I have the will
With friends who are tried and old,
And oft when the company's good, I stay;
I may not come home till the break of day,
But if dinner is waiting and I am away,
There is no one to nag me or scold.

REFRAIN

For I want what I want when I want it!
That's all that makes life worth the while.
For the wine that to-night fills my soul with delight
On the morrow may seem to me vile.
There's no worldly pleasure myself I deny,
There's no one to ask me the wherefore or why;
I eat when I'm hungry, and drink when I'm dry,
For I want what I want when I want it.

The "fireside joys" with the fuss and noise
Of children who fight and squall
May do for the man on the home-staying plan,
But it wouldn't suit me, not at all.
Of course your life if you have no wife
Is lonesome at times and slow,
But whether you marry or not, they say,
You're bound to regret it either way;
Let those who are single be sorry who may,
I'd be sorrier married I know.



Roxiana Dooley

By HUGH MORTON—From *The Whirl of the Town*

WHEN I was tendin' bar for Michael Dooley,
On the corner of the Bow'ry and Canal,
Me heart, beneath me jacket, grew unrooly,
For love of Michael Dooley's youngest gal.
She used to go a-spielin' down at Coney,
Oh, dancin' was, with her, a perfect rage;
She was limber as a piece of macaroni,
And soon she went a-dancin' on the stage.

REFRAIN

Oh, Roxiana Dooley,
The girl I love most truly,
Is dancin' in the Vaudeville in mosquito nettin' pants;
She is wobbly, she is jerky;
They call her Little Turkey;
She does the squirmy, wormy, naughty Coo-chee-Coo-
chee dance.
Oh, Roxie's Irish as a boiled potater;
Her nose it is a Conemara pug;
But when she dances in the big theayter,
She looks as Oriental as a rug.
You'd say she came from Williamsburg or Asia,
Her amber hair is dyed an inky black,
And she'll tie herself in knots that will amaze yer,
Oh, you'd think a snake was crawlin' down her
back.

William Brown

By PAUL WEST—From *The Man from China*

OH, William Brown was a sailor lad,
And a devil among the girls;
A roguish eye had he,
And a smooth diablerie
That set their hearts in whirls.
When'er he sailed 'twas a fact bewailed
By maids of every sort;
And he oftentimes admitted,
When about it he was twitted,
He'd a wife in every port.

Oh, he had a wife in Spain,
And a dear little bride in Maine;
In Labrador,
In Singapore,
In every clime and on every shore.
He'd say with a swagger vain:
"In Turkey or far Japan,
Wherever I roam,
It is 'Home, Sweet Home,'
For I am a married man."

R-e-m-o-r-s-e

By GEORGE ADE—From *The Sultan of Sulu*

THE cocktail is a pleasant drink;
It's mild and harmless, I don't think!
When you've had one you call for two,
And then you don't care what you do.
Last night I lifted twenty-three of these decoctions
into me—

My wealth increased, I felt first rate,
I felt so good I stayed up late.

R-E-M-O-R-S-E—

The water wagon is the place for me;
At twelve o'clock I felt immense,
To-day I favor total abstinence;
My eyes are bleared and red and hot,
I ought to eat, but I can not.
It is no time for mirth and laughter,
The cold gray dawn of the morning after.

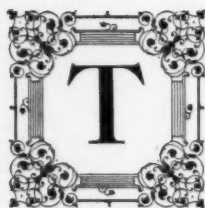
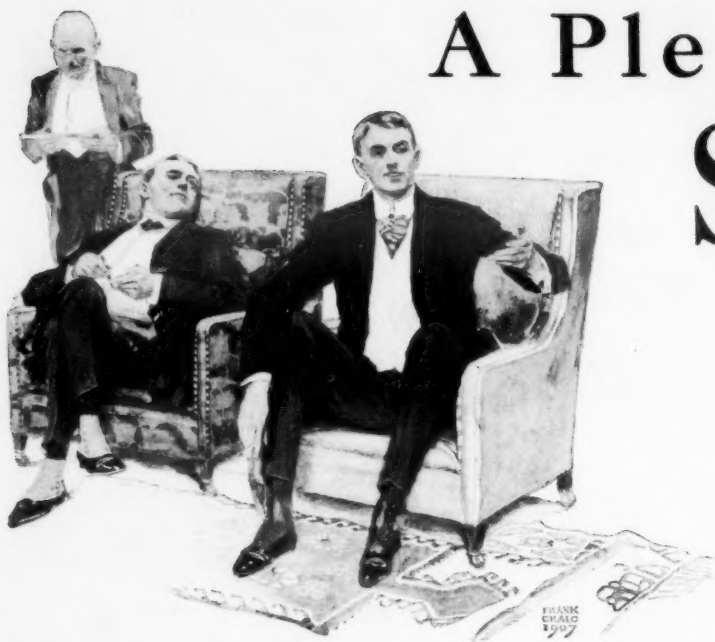
If ever I want to sign the pledge
It's the morning after I've had an edge,
When I've been full of the oil of joy
And fancied I was a sporty boy;
The world was one kaleidoscope of purple joy, trans-
cendent hope,
'Twas undiluted, perfect bliss—
I didn't feel a bit like this.

A Pleasant Night in Spring

Two modern knights errant
set forth in search of adventure,
—and find it

By

STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN



Two young men were watching from an open window of a town club-house, the end of a beautiful spring afternoon. The avenue without, beneath a sky all delicately yellow, was full of an amber-colored radiance, curiously thick, through which, shining as though powdered daintily with gold, moved traffic of the finer, ornamental sorts. The happy listlessness of spring was in the outside air; it impelled passing gentlemen to wear, above their cool-hued, summery garments, expressions gently pleased, perhaps in some cases tender, or even, it may be, romantic; it impelled passing ladies to display, along with flowery hats and filmy gowns, excessive, unnecessary, almost reprehensible attractiveness. Inside, to these two young men, the listlessness of spring had evidently found its way, but not so, apparently, had the happiness. With round, sad eyes, dejected mouths, and tucked-in chins they sat, each low in his deep chair, surveying, between little sips from cocktail glasses, the beauty of the evening misanthropically.

Presently, said one of these young men—the short, stout one—looking out over the amber-tinted avenue with a face full of weary cynicism:

"Gwynnie, by what deplorable accident were you and I born so many centuries too late? Here is spring stirring when, in other, happier times, brave knights were irresistibly tempted to fare forth in search of strange adventure. Imagine me, Gwynnie, in my proper setting, beautifully polished cap-à-pie, brave horse underneath, sword at thigh, mouth full of vernal couplets, heart hot with the desire for wonderful encounters. Hist, says I, drawing rein under the leaves. Little screams in the heart of the woods; a lady in distress; scaly dragons to slay; low-browed tyrants to hoist on a spear point. A clatter of steel, a bellow, a snatch of song, a kiss! Alas, I should have been a knight."

"Look out, now, on this pretty street. It shines bewitchingly from a spring sunset. Its air seems enriched with little golden particles. Its very breeze is mildly intoxicating, unless I am mistaken. There, you would venture, lies a region of sweet promise. But, believe me, Gwynnie, its allure is false. Its giltish look is a veneer, covering and disguising the commonplace. Its breeze just for the moment deceptively perfumes stale monotony. If you and I were tempted by it this evening, if we went out, answering its false seduction, yearning and hoping for adventure, what should we gain at best? Nothing but the obvious and the everyday. The world to-night is a dreadful, common place made up of stuffy theatre seats, the odorous insides of hansom cabs, restaurant tablecloths with an ineradicable fruit-stain on each one, and salons full of frail French furniture with knock-kneed legs. Of such things, Gwynnie, must any evening entertainment that we undertake be full. Seriously, I assure you that the world is Bowdlerized. Romance is dead. There is no such thing, to-day, as real adventure. And this evening, how passionately something in me longs for real adventure!"

The young man sighed heavily and, with a practised finger, tapped a bell on a little table. A servant appearing almost instantly, the young man said sadly, for the tenth time that afternoon:

"Take Mr. Pengwynne's order."

Over the avenue settled slowly a golden hint of dusk; failing sunshine was mixed there with a little mist. Through that nebulous atmosphere, street lamps, too early lighted, glowed faintly, disseminating the most pallid shades of lavender. A passing carriage, now and then, showed kindled lamps. Up to the carved cornices of the houses went flying, one by one, the sparrows, to meet in twittering, ruffling groups upon the thresholds of their night's lodgings.

Mr. Pengwynne—he who was tall and thin—sedately took up the conversation:

"Tubby," said he, "I am not pleased with you this evening. Young, healthy, excessively well nourished, overprosperous, here you lie back, with your waistcoat

contumeliously in the air, sneering at the world to-day. Adventure! Where is not adventure in this strange city full of everything, in this teeming, mysterious isle?"

"Oh, pooh!" retorted Mr. Tuebal pettishly. "Adventure there may be, of a sort to tickle little minds: cheap stuff, ordinary, unoriginal stuff. Real romance, I repeat—romance fit for great souls—is dead." So saying, he hurled himself farther down in his deep chair, in an attitude of utter despondency.

"Well," remarked Mr. Pengwynne calmly, "I disagree with you. You may be pleased to learn that I, too, by this time, feel somewhat knight-errantish; but I shall not lie here and let that feeling torture me. 'Res, non verba,' is the motto of my family, which you may read on my ring, if you have any doubts. I am for adventure, and I invite you to share it."

"It will be poor," said Mr. Tuebal grudgingly. "Be warned beforehand, nothing new will come of it. The world is Bowdlerized."

They left the club-house and moved sedately down the avenue. The last of the sunlight, as though it had lingered overtime just for this opportunity, illumined them with a vague refulgence—an office almost as unnecessary as the painting of the lily. No lady but would have observed them anyway with pretty, askance interest; no gentleman but would have noticed their subtly harmonious attire with approbation and respect. The sunshine at last reluctantly withdrew. Walking on, through a dusk pierced capriciously with countless foggy lights, Mr. Pengwynne and Mr. Tuebal gazed always mystically ahead, as though watching for the first far-off looming of adventure.

Chance, turning them presently from the avenue and into a side street, brought them before a little church. This structure nestled so modestly behind a fat, ecclesiastical sort of hedge that only its squat roof was visible from the sidewalk—unless one stopped, as Mr. Pengwynne and Mr. Tuebal did involuntarily, directly before the gateway. From that point one might see within a low stone doorway, and at this evening hour, on either side of it a rich, soft glimmer of multi-colored light shining through stained-glass windows. The two young men, moved to admiration by this unusual vista, stood discussing seriously its inappropriateness in the city. They observed, with half-closed eyes and tilted heads, its truly bucolic quality.

"The Church of Our Lady of Rocamadour," read Mr. Pengwynne, from a little sign beside the gate. "Oh, yes," he remembered, "where the runaways get married. How pleasant, if there could be a wedding while we wait!"

"Little good that would do us," said Mr. Tuebal sourly.

"Little harm, too, Tubby, you may thank your stars. Observe, now; there is an empty hansom cab waiting yonder; the church is illuminated; evidently some one is inside. Who knows what interesting romance may not be at its crisis here?"

"Does that concern us?" asked Mr. Tuebal, leaning apathetically against his friend.

"Everything," declared Mr. Pengwynne, "concerns your genuine adventurer."

Mr. Tuebal, drawn along by the arm, but hanging back, mumbled that this was ridiculous.

"Not yet; but I will not deny that it may contain ridiculous possibilities," responded Mr. Pengwynne, and dragged him through the doorway.

The little church, a cozy place, was dimly lighted. In the chancel were five persons; a charitably smiling old minister in vestments, a lean and gloomy sexton, a stout, abashed hansom cabman, an elderly gentleman

in a tight frock coat, and a beautiful young woman wonderfully attired in raiment over which was written, for Mr. Pengwynne and Mr. Tuebal to read with their discerning, worldly eyes: "Made in Paris and paid for with a sigh." This group was so arranged that no one with sense could have doubted what it was engaged in.

Mr. Pengwynne and Mr. Tuebal, arm in arm, leaning gracefully on each other, observed the scene respectfully. But finally, not very respectfully, commented Mr. Pengwynne:

"May and December. She marries him, but why? Inspect him, Tubby; this dim religious light is kind to him, but one may see a part. Note his excessive, general uncomeliness; his shameless, glistening dome, his fishy eyes, his purple chops, his baggy-kneed, decrepit pose! Is this pretty lady blind? Faugh! I am horrified!"

"He looks like money," said Mr. Tuebal, cynically. "You have reason, Tubby," assented Mr. Pengwynne, staring coldly at the bridegroom. "Now do you see what pitiable ailment this pretty lady has? Alas, you and I are witnesses of a dreadful, antique crime to-night. The present slips away, the past surrounds us. There, before you, rears the villainous, scaly dragon—knight-errantry, its enemy—about to pounce upon the helpless maiden! Does she cry out? No. Why not? Why, there she cowers charmed into helplessness—for in each eyeball of yonder diabolical creature shines banefully the image of a little dollar-mark!"

Mr. Tuebal regarded Mr. Pengwynne with a startled gaze. "Why, then, the lady being helpless and we knights errant for the evening, why do we stand here idle?" he asked anxiously.

"We do not, Tubby," Mr. Pengwynne assured him, and added ominously: "Follow me."

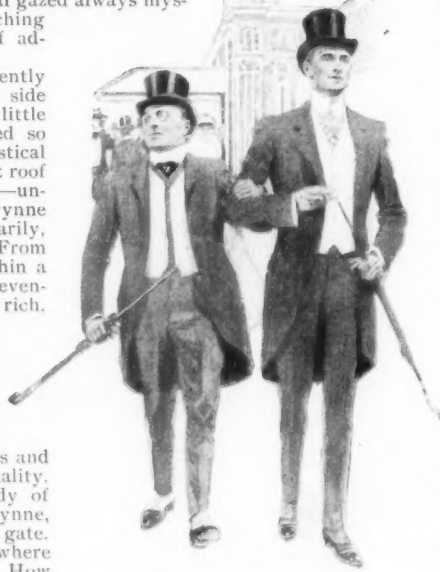
Mr. Pengwynne stalked slowly forward, one hand thrust into the bosom of his waistcoat, his hat held out before him, top up, across his free arm. He carried himself, in fact, just in that neat, formal attitude which was the chosen pose of all great men before the camera, in those days when Daguerre took the pictures.

Mr. Tuebal, aptly taking the hint, followed in another attitude, no less imposing of its sort. Some famous tragedy actor must have served him as his model. He dragged his feet, seeing to it that one was always far behind; between every two steps he doddered slightly.

It was just at this moment that the minister reached that point in the marriage service where one is requested, if he knows any good reason for prohibition of the ceremony, to speak forth-with, or else forever hold his peace. The good old man, having mumbled this request without the slightest display of anxiety, was on the point of finishing his work, when—

"This marriage must not be," announced Mr. Pengwynne, in serious, calm tones, coming to a stop before the chancel steps.

The five participants, whirling around as one, gaped at the two intruders. The cabman swallowed something suddenly and then looked sick; the sexton's gloomy countenance was lighted with a flash of genuine interest; the minister appeared to doubt his ears; the lady trembled so that all her Paris plumes were agitated; the bridegroom's red face swelled alarmingly, like those balloons which little boys burst, sometimes, in blowing up. It was the bridegroom who finally broke the silence, with a sort of muffled roar.



They moved down the avenue

"Ha! Harumph! Am I in my senses? Who the dickens are you, sir? And what do you mean, sir, by this villainous impertinence?"

Mr. Pengwynne, gracefully raising a well-kept forefinger, wagged it admonishingly. When he replied it was with the slightest foreign accent. Said he:

"You, sir, do not need to ask me what I mean, if you take honest counsel with your conscience. I shall be sorry if you force me to be more explicit in this gathering."

"By George, sir," ejaculated the bridegroom, between two snorts, with a wild gesticulation, "you had better be explicit!"

"Very well, then," said Mr. Pengwynne coldly, his foreign accent becoming more pronounced. "Allow me to inform you, though I think superfluously, that a certain lady in waiting to her Highness, the Princess of the Asturias—yes—not—daid!"

Mr. Tuebal started, flashed a sidelong glance of admiration at his friend, and slid swiftly into a distinctly Latin pose. As for the bridegroom, he stood, as though frozen midway between two intelligible gestures, in the most unique attitude imaginable.

"Princess of the Asturias!" he gasped. "Lady in waiting! What—What—Heaven save us, what have we here!"

"Her representatives, my dear sir," replied Mr. Pengwynne, designating himself and his companion with a courtly gesture. "Or rather, the representatives of her mistress's royal brother, his Catholic Majesty, Alfonso, who will not see unmoved, believe me, any injury to one of the most beautiful and gentle ladies of his realm."

"Why—" The bridegroom, wheezing impotently at Mr. Pengwynne and Mr. Tuebal, finally achieved:

"Why—this is monstrous! I was never in my life in Spain!"

"I did not say so," said Mr. Pengwynne. "Perhaps, though, you have been in Paris?"

"Ha! And what has that to do with it?" gurgled the bridegroom, trying to stretch his collar.

"Señor," said Mr. Pengwynne, turning confidently to Mr. Tuebal, "produce, if you please, the papers; the record of the marriage, both civil and religious, in the twenty-fifth arrondissement of Paris, the copy of the inscription relative to that marriage in the archives of the Spanish nobility, and the three hundred and twenty-one love letters of this gentleman, together with his written desires regarding the education of his little heirs."

"Señor," answered Mr. Tuebal, quite as confidently, after a moment of deep thought, "zat can not be done. Zey are not wiz me."

"Not wiz you!" cried Mr. Pengwynne anxiously.

"Ah, no. Behol! Zis morning, when you to me zem give, I send zem at once to our Ambassador at Washington, along wiz all ze claims of abandon, so he may have zem at hand when ze disposition of zis case displays before ze Presidente. But, if zis bigammie is commit, we can require zem again pronto—most quick, for—what you say—ze extradition of zis señor?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Pengwynne regretfully. "Then I can do nothing more at present, and must beg leave to retire as I have come, leaving onlee my protest. I regret, señorita. Adios, señor, we shall meet again."

Turning, rearranging his hat across his arm, thrusting a hand into the bosom of his waistcoat, Mr. Pengwynne withdrew in stately fashion. Mr. Tuebal, following, bore himself less tragically than at his entrance; adaptability was his forte; his exit was in the jaunty and yet haughty manner of your true hidalgo of Castile. Gaining the door and passing through it, they left behind them a group as motionless and rigid as those which, in museums of wax-works, portray episodes almost as tremendous.

Mr. Pengwynne and Mr. Tuebal, once out-of-doors, crossed the street with alacrity. Ascending a brown-stone stoop, they perched themselves comfortably at its top, in the deep shadow of the doorway. They sniffed with relish the fresh, cool evening air, faintly perfumed, with just the barest hint in it of dewy trees and grasses—an odor borne to those stone wastes of the city almost miraculously, one would say, from who knows how distant a sweet sylvan spot. This far-fetched scent of budding spring affected Mr. Tuebal like a charm. It conjured up in him emotions tenderly romantic. Dreamily he asked:

"Gwynnie, will she marry him?"

"How can she?" said Mr. Pengwynne, admiring the spangled sky. "How can she when he is already married to a lady in waiting of the Princess of the Asturias, whose proofs of abandon are in the hands of the Spanish ambassador at Washington? Be at ease, Tubby, she will not marry him."

"Look, look!" whispered Mr. Tuebal. "Some one is coming out."

Through the low stone doorway opposite, burst in evident agitation the lady, the bridegroom, and the hansom cabman. They rushed across the sidewalk. The cabman scrambled up on his hansom cab. The

lady sprang inside. The bridegroom seemed to be boggling ineffectively before the cab-doors. The cabman lashed his horse; the cab-doors were slammed shut; the vehicle, careening recklessly in a wide circle, made for the avenue. Alone upon the sidewalk, the bridegroom stood and watched it disappear. Then, suddenly, waving his fists toward the housetops in a strange, extravagant gesture, he went, hopping and stamping, off the other way. The shadows swallowed his eccentric figure. The soft light in the stained-glass windows of the little church popped out abruptly. Silence prevailed. The street was as lonely and as tranquil as a country lane.

"The maiden saved, exit the dragon, cheated of his prey. What more is left for us, Tubby, to desire?"

"Several things for me. Lights and soft music, with plenty of flute-notes scattered through the score. Lights and little square tables; tinkling fountains and attentive waiters. Happiness always gives me an appetite. I am for dinner, beginning with opalescent cock-tails and ending with the largest, most unctuous cigars."

"Your soul is in your stomach, Tubby," said Mr. Pengwynne with a sigh. "I, for my part, could feed just upon this lovely evening."

"Not so here. French knickknacks for this señor," quoth Mr. Tuebal with a smack. "Gimcracks of cookery—everything the doctor tells one not to touch—and something twinkling in a glass, replenished every time one looks away. Come, come, you have got me thinking about food; quick, to the restaurant—this is torture!"

"Well, well," said Mr. Pengwynne indulgently, after a last, lingering gaze aloft. With infinite solicitude each helped the other down the steps. Arm in arm, they set out.

II

A WAITER had poured out for Mr. Pengwynne and Mr. Tuebal two little cupfuls of coffee. A fatherly headwaiter had brought a case of fat cigars, and two of these—each about a foot long, rich chocolate-colored, their coats of texture like the finest velvet—ornamented the engaging faces of these two young men. Leaning back in their comfortable chairs, both listened with closed eyes to music coming mysteriously from some screened orchestra—music in which, as Mr. Tuebal had desired, were many little, soft falls, tremblings and twitterings of flute notes. One might almost have thought that these two

young men, lulled by melody, had fallen sound asleep. But, finally, Mr. Tuebal, half raising one eyelid, inquired: "Gwynnie, now what are you thinking of?" "You will be surprised," responded Mr. Pengwynne, after some introspection. "I have remorseful thoughts."

"Remorseful?"

"Yes. Regarding our knight-errantry."

"You regret it?"

"Well, partly. On this account: we have done a pretty lady a great favor, and I am glad of that. We have confounded the dragon, and I find nothing to regret in that. But, Tubby, there remains the minister. We have done him an injury."

"How so?" inquired Mr. Tuebal, opening both eyes.

"We have deprived him of his wedding fee."

"Why! So we have!" cried Mr. Tuebal in astonishment.

"That is a little church, Tubby, and, I suspect, not a rich one. The minister of a little church is not a millionaire. I imagine that few luxuries surround him. He inhabits no hansom cabs. He drinks no vintage wines. Mushrooms sous cloche are strangers to his palate. His treasures are nearly all laid up in heaven. But one must live while here, and wedding fees undoubtedly help one to do so. We have done wrong, Tubby, and it is for that reason that I am remorseful."

"And so am I. I am ashamed of both of us," said Mr. Tuebal—and, after a moment's thought, with an expression of bright intelligence, exclaimed:

"We must make restitution!"

"Undoubtedly that is what we should do. But how?"

Mr. Pengwynne, smoking violently, frowning at the gilded ceiling, considered, while Mr. Tuebal waited with a hopeful face, exquisitely attentive. Suddenly Mr. Pengwynne's anxiety gave place to relief. He smiled at Mr. Tuebal reassuringly.

"All is well, Tubby," said he. "I know what we shall do. We shall bring him another couple and let him marry them."

Mr. Tuebal rose half out of his chair, ejaculating:

"Another couple?"

"Why not?" said Mr. Pengwynne. "Have we not just broken up a marriage? There we accomplished the greater labor; beside that one this other will be child's play. For surely it is much simpler to make a marriage than to break one! That is a well-worn axiom; it descends to us from very ancient times; I suspect that it was a byword even among the loutish suitors of Penelope."

Mr. Pengwynne—while Mr. Tuebal watched him as though dizzy with delight—turned with deliberation and surveyed, calculatingly, the surrounding diners.

The room was crowded to its utmost. The music finished, above innumerable sleekly brushed heads and elaborately fluted coiffures, rose an intermittent, sea-like murmur, as wave after wave of talk rose rapidly out of monotone and broke with little splashes of light laughter. A gentle breeze from the open windows wandered throughout the room, setting to nodding the flowers on the tables, sending cigar-smoke curling fantastically in wide, gray ribbons overhead, carrying everywhere a strange, sweet scent, quite distinguishable from the odors of tobacco and of coffee, peculiarly seductive: the subtle mixture of half a hundred different perfumes.

"That lady all in mauve-colored things," said Mr. Pengwynne, after sniffing carefully several times, "wears chypre. I am notoriously for any one who wears chypre, Tubby, and I feel very kindly toward this lady for that reason. Why should we not help her to get married this evening?"

"See, it is most auspicious—there is no doubt about her young man. Observe that she attracts him. He lops over the table at her; he looks as though, if he but dared, he would just as lief as not take her at a bite. She, leaning back, is coy and anxious, she looks about her stealthily to see if she is perceived by any one she knows. I think she is accustomed to a chaperon at dinner. She is convinced that she is doing something very sporting this evening. A pleasant, modest girl! Well, shall we, speaking vulgarly, splice them up?"

"She will want a large wedding," asserted Mr. Tuebal pessimistically. "I know the kind. A dozen bridesmaids, a maid of honor, and, ahead, a couple of little curly-headed girls with skinny white silk legs, scattering flowers. No elopements for that sort, but pageantry. Besides, her young man, while he is all well enough, looks pathetically conventional. His mind moves slavishly by rule. The bizarre would jar him. Even our little proposition would jar him."

"We shall see," said Mr. Pengwynne. "Come, let us be at it. Wait, we must pay this. Heads or tails?"—"Tails," cried Mr. Tuebal, inadvisedly, and paid the bill.

The two young men arose and, Mr. Pengwynne leading, strolled toward their prey. What sort of talk was she listening to then, wide-eyed and intent—that chypre-scented lady all in mauve-colored things? Could it be the sentimental prelude to a real proposal, which would smooth the way remarkably for Messrs. Pengwynne and Tuebal? Far from it, worse luck: for, as the conspirators drew close, that fatuous young man was only telling her:

"Next day we took the train from Moscow and went straight to Berlin, and that was why I missed your letter."

"Moscow!" said Mr. Pengwynne below his breath, turning and lifting an eyebrow significantly at Mr. Tuebal. Inspiration flashed in his eyes. Gracefully stepping forward, bending over the maiden, cocking his head severely toward her escort, he asked her confidentially:

"Pardon me, but is this gentleman annoying you?"



The cabman lashed his horse



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"Pardon me, but is this gentleman annoying you?"

The escort sat dumfounded for a moment—then got up on his feet.

"Sir!" he uttered incredulously.

"And sir to you," said Mr. Pengwynne, icily, for his part.

The strange young man turned bright red as far as could be seen. All in a twitter, he blurted out:

"Will you step outside with me a moment?"

"Percival!" pathetically cried out the lady, clasping her hands.

Mr. Pengwynne, with a low bow to her, said to her escort:

"I shall await you in the lobby," and, with Mr. Tuebal, grandly stalked off thither.

Almost immediately, in the lobby, beheld the strange young man hurling himself on the scene, breathing hard through his nose.

"Now, sir!" he exclaimed, closely approaching Mr. Pengwynne. "An explanation!"

"My dear young friend," said Mr. Pengwynne, smiling at him sadly and with that unexpected smile utterly confounding him; "forgive this unconventional means of drawing you out here. It was the only one which happened just now to occur to me. Perhaps it was a trifle extravagant—"

"Extravagant!" the young man gasped. Mr. Tuebal solicitously offered him an arm.

"But you will forgive me when you hear my news," continued Mr. Pengwynne. "Sir, my dear young friend, if I may call you so, she is in New York!"

The young man's chin hung down.

"She is in New York!" he repeated idiotically.

"The Russian," added Mr. Pengwynne profoundly.

"She is hunting for you."

The young man gazed all about him helplessly. Suddenly a look of concrete horror filled his face. His gaze was jerked back at Mr. Pengwynne.

"Not—" he whispered wildly—"not the Countess?"

"The Countess," immediately assented Mr. Pengwynne, with a sigh of relief.

Dashing a hand across his forehead, the young man chattered:

"But this is absurd! I had nothing to do with her. I merely saw her in Petersburg and again in Moscow. Three mornings in succession, in the hotel in Moscow, she sent boutonnières to my table. Once only I met her where I could not get away: in the lift. She thought the lift was going to drop. She clung to me, and—I found a ruby ring in my pocket afterward—which I returned by post," the young man ended miserably with a blush.

"Ah, me," said Mr. Pengwynne, nodding at Mr. Tuebal. "You see? A Russian custom. She thinks now she is engaged to him. At any rate, sir, here she is, and swears to marry you. She would have had me for her lawyer; but when I saw you to-night, your youth, your happiness, your devotion elsewhere, I had the heart no more. I am for you, now, to the bitter end. My dear young friend, give me your hand!"

"She swears to marry me!" repeated the young man in hollow tones, allowing his limp hand to be pumped up and down violently by Mr. Pengwynne.

"Willy-nilly, in fact. Marriage, or else a frightful row. Ah, you, at least, know what these Russians are! Assuredly, she will do it, unless—"

Mr. Pengwynne came closer. He whispered in the young man's ear:

"There is one way by which you might escape. Suppose that you were already married?"

"Well?"

"Why, why, wake up! Then she would be foiled!" "But," babbled the young man wildly, "I am not married. And I do not want to marry her. Deuce take it all, I want to marry some one else!"

"Aha!" gurgled Mr. Pengwynne, slapping him on the back with frightful jocularity. "You do, eh, you gay dog? Why, be about it, then!" He waved his hand in a florid and suggestive gesture toward the dinner room. "Marry her to-night, Percival," said he, "and you are saved!"

The young man sat him down limply on the edge of a fern pot.

"My head reels," he confessed feebly. "I—I can not do anything like that. No notice! Nothing in order! It is so—irregular." Mr. Tuebal snorted.

"She would never consent," the young man added, as an afterthought.

"But you, I take it," suggested Mr. Pengwynne, "could stand the irregularities if she would consent? I think so, rather—and especially, if you had seen your Countess this afternoon, sweeping her glittering train up and down my private office, gritting her little teeth, scattering tears, La Ferme cigarette smoke and Frenchy scents!"

The young man shuddered and wrung his hands protesting: "This is some ghastly dream!"

"Look, now," said Mr. Pengwynne, suddenly becoming masterful. "I am your friend, am I not? Leave this to me. I shall persuade the lady yonder."

"You?"

"Give me five minutes with her and you shall see. Is it a bargain? Say nothing—I know instinctively it is. Wait here, then. Expect me in five minutes, with the lady!"

In another moment Mr. Pengwynne was sitting opposite the lady whom they had left in the dinner room. She, probably never so agast before in all her life, stared wildly at her *vis-à-vis*, toward the empty doorway, and back again. Her charming little chin began to quiver, and Mr. Pengwynne remorsefully made haste to reassure her.

"Dear lady," suavely said he, "be tranquil. All is well. Percival is in the hall, intact. And you may rest assured for a moment here with me, for I am his most valuable friend, and there is something of the greatest moment which I must disclose to you. Bear with me—I shall be as brief as possible."

Leaning over the table, Mr. Pengwynne impressively began:

"When Percival was recently in Russia, a wild adventure caught him in its toils, with the most extraordinary consequences."

"One night, while wandering in Moscow, through the meaner streets, he was accosted by a ragged stranger who asked him where he came from. 'America,' Percival answered proudly and added, perhaps imprudently, but with the best of intentions, 'the home of freedom.' 'Good,' said the stranger, 'come with me,' and, linking arms with Percival, hurried him off, up and down alleys and finally through the portals of an ill-favored, gloomy house. There, pressing upon a secret panel, he ushered Percival into a bright room full of determined-looking men. 'Here,' said the



Her young man rushed forward from among the fern pots

ragged stranger, removing his false beard, 'is our new brother from America.'

"Up rose that assembly as one man. But, 'Ah!' cried one harsh voice, 'here is some fatal mistake! This person is not the one! We are betrayed!' Drawing a hundred various weapons, they rushed at Percival, and I assure you that in another moment they would have finished him had not his conductor thrown himself before our young friend's body. 'Hold!' belted he imperatively. 'Do nothing until I question him. Have you forgotten that we kill only when it is necessary?'"

"This gave them pause. Surrounding poor Percival like so many wolves, they plied him with violent inquiries. He, brave—as you may imagine—even in that situation, answered all candidly until they were forced to admit that he was innocent of any wrong intentions. To make a long story short, they decided not to kill him then and there, but all declared that he must take their awful oath of secrecy and loyalty. Behold our Percival, dear lady, to save his life compelled to swear allegiance to the Nihilists!"

"Well, I shall make haste for your sake. That very night, and in that room, they drew lots to see who should assassinate the Czar. And Percival, forced to draw, like the rest, his slip out of a muzhik's greasy cap, found that, through some horrible caprice of chance, he held the fatal ballot!"

"I shall pass over all his mental agony at that moment, and when later, with diabolical ingenuity, his grisly companions explained to him what he should do. All was arranged for two days later, when he was to go to Peterhof with a bomb concealed beneath his derby hat. But the next day, evading somehow, with the ingeniousness of desperation, the Nihilist spies who dogged his footsteps, he managed to escape from Moscow to Berlin!"

"But now, observe. To those implacable Nihilists he is a traitor who holds all their lives in his hand. In their opinion he merits a hideous death. So everywhere he has gone their executioners have gone speeding after him, like bloodhounds on a scent. At last they have reached New York. At last they have dis-

covered his exact whereabouts. In fact, when I looked out just now into the street, there was one leaning against the lamppost, picking his teeth with disgusting cynicism and hiding under his arm a little package whose contents I can guess at with a shudder. Ah, dear lady, Nemesis is waiting there, on the corner of the avenue! Heaven help us! Is this not a serious enough affair?"

Mr. Pengwynne concluding, the lady sat there motionless from horror. Finally she was able to utter,

"Merciful gracious! What is to be done?"

"Listen," said Mr. Pengwynne, springing nimbly to that cue. "There is just one way by which Percival can be saved. He must be married instantly."

"Married!" she blurted out.

"And instantly. The only virtue of these wretches is a certain rude sort of chivalry. They will not harm a lady. And if Percival for a few days could be accompanied constantly by some fair companion, so that they could not harm him without risk of harming her, they would be foiled. For in a few days I shall have found means to circumvent them. But to-night we are in the most intense danger. Yes, there is but one hope. He must be married instantly."

"But—" tremulously she began.

"Come," said Mr. Pengwynne pathetically. "Will you not toss a few scruples to the winds and marry Percival to save him?"

"Why—why—" the lady faltered. "He has not asked me."

"I ask you," exclaimed Mr. Pengwynne.

"I, his ambassador, beseech you. Aside from this affair you are his only thought by day, his single dream by night. He sees you in the clouds, the sunset, the flowers, the rising moon. He peaks and pines for you. Dear lady, he adores you. Marry and save him. Take into sanctuary that doting heart. And quick! That dreadful emissary may tire of waiting and wander into the lobby."

"Let us go to him," cried she, and Mr. Pengwynne, ignoring the general interest and admiration of the diners, in courtly fashion guided her trembling feet toward the hall.

There her young man rushed forward from among the fern pots.

"Geraldine!" he stammered, almost mis-doubting, evidently, that misty, incoherent smile she squandered on him.

"Percival!" she gasped. "My hero!"

"You know?"

"All."

"And—and—and—"

"Incredible dummy!" fumed Mr. Tuebal, ready to dance with impatience.

"—and yet—you love me?" the young man managed to get out.

"Percy!" she breathed, looking for some arms to sink into and finding, after a little waiting, Percival's.

"Tubby," requested Mr. Pengwynne softly, serenely, competently—the admirable Pengwynne through and through—"a four-wheeler, for the Church of Our Lady of Rocamadour."

They saw them well married, did Messrs. Pengwynne and Tuebal, in the little chancel, where the musty, stale, sweet odor of extinct incense mingled with the worldly aroma of chypre. The sexton had gone home and the good old minister—it turned out fortunately for those two young men—was as nearsighted as he was benevolent. Geraldine and Percival he made one with Mr. Tuebal's fat signet ring; for Mr. Tuebal was the groomsmen, while Mr. Pengwynne, responding in a feeble and shaky voice appropriate in one well along in years, with a sort of antiquated grace gave away the bride. At last they packed the bridal pair into the four-wheeler. Two faces looked out through the window—two faces strangely dazed, incredulous and awed.

"Where to?" the cabman asked. "To the Elysian rose-gardens," promptly directed Mr. Pengwynne. "To the end of the rainbow. To Arcadia. To the undiscovered country behind the moon. Off with you, cabby; your horse is taking cold."

"The devil!" vouchsafed the cabman in bewilderment and drove furiously away.

Mr. Pengwynne and Mr. Tuebal, alone together in the dark street, followed the progress of the four-wheeler with keen attention. Presently, when there was left of it just a little rocking shadow far away, Mr. Tuebal began to sing tenderly, in a sweet tenor:

"And all the sky was powdered bright

With stars that shed their heavenly light

On Damon neat and Chloe sweet,

Whilst rode those two away, away,

A fine new world to see!

Oh, Hymen, Hymene!"

And Mr. Pengwynne, joining him with a rich and throaty barytone, they marched off, passionately carolling in unison:

"And there were chubby cupid, limned

Upon the coach-door cunningly;

The very sylvan birdies hymned:

Oh, Hymen, Hymene!

Oh, Hymen, Hymene!"

Mr. Tuebal, his head thrown back in abandon, suddenly stopped short and grasped his companion's arm. "Oh, Gwynnie!" he cried, choking with esthetic joy. "Look! 'Over the roofs the honey-colored moon!'"

Stock-still, legs spread out, like sailors on a heaving deck, for minute after minute they gazed in silence, with rapt faces, up into the radiant night.

Richard Mansfield

A Review of His Work

By

ARTHUR RUHL

RICHARD MANSFIELD was born in the island of Heligoland, May 24, 1857. His mother was a singer in grand opera. He went to school in Derby, England, and when his mother came to this country to teach music he entered the Boston Latin School. The family finances ran low, and young Mansfield went abroad to study art and presently became successful as a drawing-room entertainer. From this he drifted into comic opera. His success was suddenly made in 1883, when, at the Union Square Theatre in New York City, as an understudy, he took the part of Baron Cheverial in "A Parisian Romance," making an instantaneous hit. He died August 30, 1907.



DURING the latter days of his career Richard Mansfield was occasionally spoken of as the worst actor in America. Such a superlative could be achieved only by one who, if not the "best" actor in America, at least held an undisputed pre-eminence in the public's regard. The more lofty and secure this position, the more originality and cleverness such remarks seemed to have, and the more nearly did those who made them—persons of a certain intelligence and acquaintance with the stage, generally, and a reputation for wit which they would much rather preserve than be right or be President—attain satisfaction. More conclusive proof of an actor's position there scarcely could have been.

The glimmer of truth's resemblance which allied such remarks to wit was the result of Mr. Mansfield's positive temperament and what were called his mannerisms. Had he been less intelligent and yet retained his voice, face, and physical virtuosity, it is even conceivable that he might have been a more perfect actor. Mansfield was a man of genius, but this genius exhibited itself in theatric externals, in the painting of vivid portraits, rather than in the divination of character and the suffusion of the actor's self with it. His aggressive intellectuality was not the one to melt completely into the character he was depicting—and this in spite of his amazing versatility—but was rather an intellectual force, always masterful and sure, which grasped a part and forced the spectator to accept his interpretation of it, whether or no, because of its sheer strength and vividness. It was this which caused some to feel that Mansfield was always Mansfield, whatever he played, and partially accounted for those mannerisms which his critics were never weary of celebrating. The Mansfield "bark," the expressive vagaries of the Mansfield legs, his habit of jumping his voice up an octave on the third or fourth syllable of a sentence, especially in vehement declamation—all these were habitual, and, as it sometimes seemed, ulterior and perverse. Mr. Mansfield was well aware of what his critics thought of his individualities, and his sensitive temperament was often irritated at what seemed to him their unreasonableness.

An Actor's Criticism of his Critics

"SO many of my critics," he wrote some years ago, in a personal letter to an editor who had published some of his verse, "harp upon physical shortcomings, forgetting that I am not playing to them with my legs, but with my mind and trying to reach their minds with my own."

"A part like Dimmesdale is not played with the legs, but with the soul."

"Again, I am painfully conscious of the fact—and becoming more so day by day—that the actor's art in this country is not understood to rank with the art of the Painter or the Sculptor, with Literature or with Science. I see the men who work in such ways honored upon every side, but to be an actor or actress is still, believe me, held in the country to be almost a disgrace. You may not understand this, you can not, but I do, and I have the strongest evidence of it daily. The fault is greatly with the actor, and I have thought that by leading the life I do, and by letting the people gradually into our thoughts, they might discover that a man may be an actor and yet worthy of esteem. The strongest proof I have had of the interest in my work came to me when you were good enough to publish 'I love the woods.' It would surprise you to read the letters I received and to count their number. All contained expressions of surprise and some of pleasure, that I, an actor, should entertain such thoughts. Again, upon the publication of 'A Plain Talk' in the 'North American Review,' I was inundated with correspondence."

"This goes to show that there is an interest, and that interest I would wish to keep alive."

"The verses 'Premature Fly' (an allegory), were written by me in Bournemouth when I was about to present 'Richard III,' in which I had embarked all my present means and much of my future."

"The fly I found dead in midwinter after a mild morning upon my dressing-table. It was recited afterward to great applause at a matinee and invitation given in Washington at Albion's Opera House to the President and Mrs. Harrison,

and all the notable people of the Capital. Not that this may mean anything for the verses—but they express perhaps what so often happens to us all—and, alas, what happened to me!"

Granting these mannerisms, granting that many of his effects—the hands trembling until Shylock's deed and scales fairly rattled, the shaky wine glass in the hand of Baron Cheverial, Don Carlos's sword faintly rattling in its scabbard until the spectator must perforce take his attention away from the main swing of the scene to see how the trick was done—were mere physical virtuosity and jarring virtuosity at that; that his genius consisted more in an instinct for theatric externals than in the deeper interpretation of character; that he was a painter of portraits, a "character actor" in a certain very high sense of the word, willing to sacrifice his play and his company in order to set his one vivid portrait in the centre of the stage. Whether or not the kind of thing he did was the greatest kind of thing to do, he did it in a great way. He was always vivid, always virile and sure, and he had that greatest of all things, a voice, always magnetic, which could billow out like an organ when he so wished, take the mere lines, the dead words and syllables, and send them across the footlights, vibrating and alive, to grip his audience and conquer it.

But it is not for the high pleasure which it was his to give that the loss of Richard Mansfield will be most deeply felt now that he is gone. Other voices will thrill, other gestures charm. The actor's spell, however noble, is soon forgotten in newer lights and fresher applause. Where, however, is the mind which will shine out as the same strong beam of active, creative force in our dull and imitative theatrical world, who will go ahead and do things as he has done them, to whom—unless possibly to Mr. Sothorn, an earnest and ambitious but less commanding figure—in these opening days of the theatrical season can the public look, as they had become accustomed to look to Richard Mansfield, certain that before the winter was over his intelligent energy and taste and enthusiasm would go another step forward and give them something they otherwise would not have had and for which, to him in a special personal sense, they were to be grateful? Mansfield may have been a "bad" actor in some ways, but to the general and even unappreciative public he was a "good" actor in the simplest and most literal meaning of that word. And if he had mannerisms none of these was more eccentric, in comparison with most of his contemporaries, than his habit of living up to his artistic responsibilities.

In the latter days of his career he was under no commercial necessity to depart from his already picturesque and varied repertory. "Beau Brummell," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and "A Parisian Romance," not to speak of more tragic rôles, would doubtless have been enough to crowd the theatre every night during his month's engagement. That cumulative popularity, which begins when an actor's genius becomes a fixed

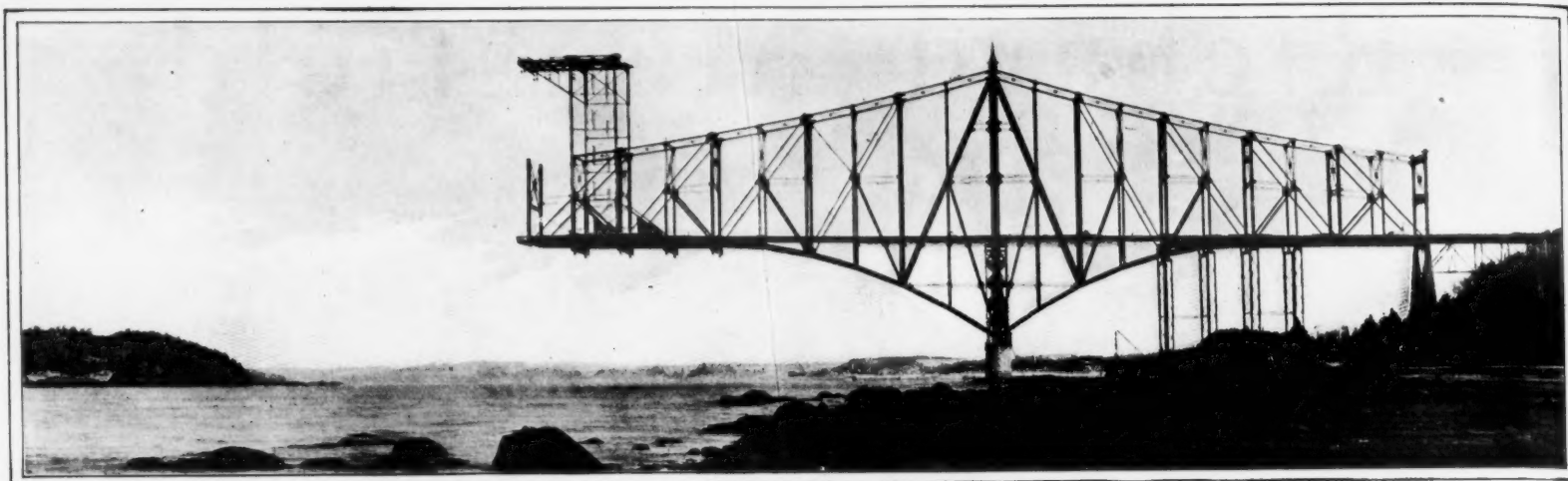
idea in the public mind, was his. Even his vanities were relished, and what was once resented as bumpiousness was welcomed as the lovable human frailty of one who had won a right to treat us lightly. When Mansfield's work ended with another act yet to be played by the company, nothing delighted his audiences more than that little trick of his of whipping off his make-up and appearing in answer to the curtain-calls, no more the artist, but the round-headed, athletic-looking man, blinking across the footlights that inscrutable, bulldoggy smile of his and holding his dressing-gown about his throat, as if he had just been caught on his way back to finish some very important game of tennis. This, as it were, assumption of the non-existence of an audience and curtain-calls, suggested that very Mansfieldian substratum of acid and flint of which they had heard, and they were charmed, just as the public always is when its favorites do what they are expected to do. Had Mr. Mansfield cared to descend to it, there is probably no way in which he would have been surer to please his audiences than to come out before the curtain and scold them as they all had heard he used to do.

Yet, instead of settling down in the lap of this easy prosperity, he prepared each year at least one new theatric portrait worthy the intelligent and discriminating. Thus, three years ago, he went back to the classic drama of France, and in Molière's "Misanthrope" revived a masterpiece of comedy from which English-speaking dramatists have more or less knowingly borrowed for two centuries. It was the first time, so far as is generally known, that this famous old comedy had been produced in English. The curious public were charmed to find that its wit and humanity, in spite of the play's complete lack of "situations" in our modern understanding of the word, were as true of the New York of to-day as of the Paris of 1666, when it was first produced. Mr. Mansfield's re-creation of the rôle of Alceste, in which he succeeded in suppressing his mannerisms almost completely and in subordinating his aptitude for the vivid and startling to the necessities of a part profoundly conceived and quietly written, marked a very real forward step in his grasp of his art and was a literary event no less contributing to the public's pleasure than calling for its gratitude. Similarly interesting, although less successful as a play, was his revival two years ago of Schiller's "Don Carlos." His production last year of "Peer Gynt," aside from the very high sort of pleasure it gave to those familiar with Peer's experiments in unconditional self-realization, literally introduced thousands to a work whose monumental position in literature is as unquestioned as was the general public's ignorance of it.

An Artist Who Did a Man's Work in the World

IT was Mansfield who, long before the pyrotechnic Shaw was, so to speak, heard of, acquainted Americans with "Arms and the Man" and "The Devil's Disciple." It was he who produced "Cyrano de Bergerac," and even his "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "The Scarlet Letter," wretched as they were as dramas, and in spite of the vast pecuniary success of the former, were primarily inspired by Mansfield's intelligent interest in literature and his high ambition worthily to transfer its achievements to the stage. As for the accomplishment of his restless genius, it is perhaps sufficient to recall, in addition to rôles already mentioned, his Shylock, Henry V, Brutus, Beaucaire, Prince Karl, Don Juan, Nero, Napoleon, and Ivan the Terrible.

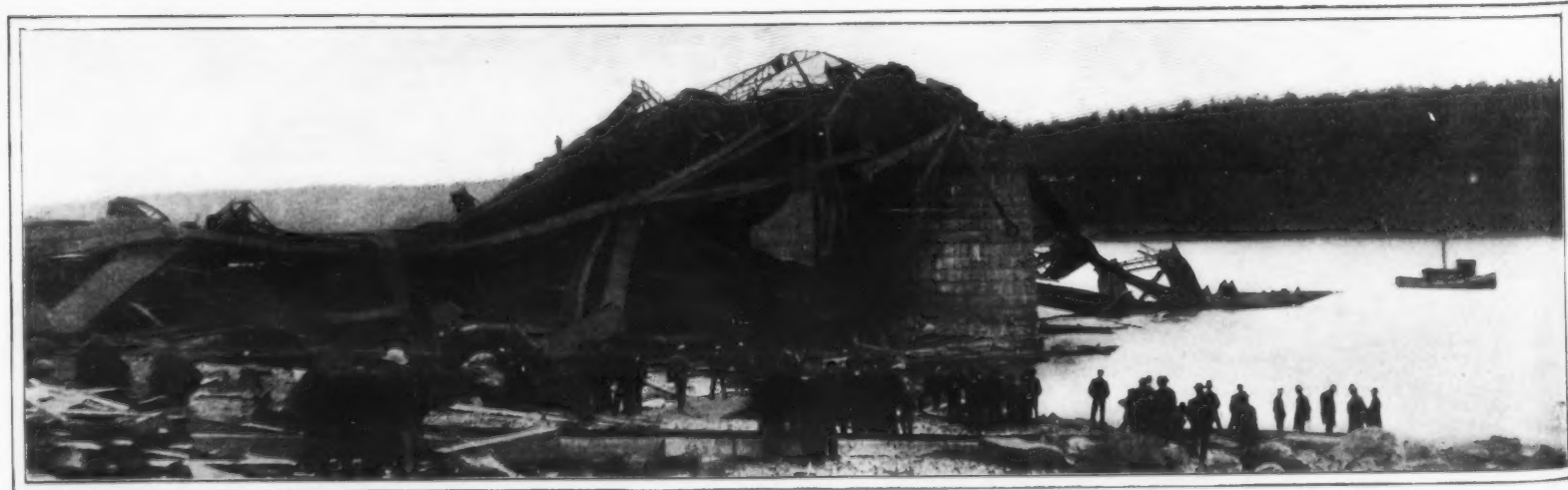
It was while enduring the tremendous physical strain which the acting of "Peer Gynt" demanded that Mr. Mansfield succumbed to the disabilities which brought about his death. He lived like a man, and he died, it might almost be said, in harness. For the actor himself thus to leave the world at the height of his career, nothing more wished for could be asked. For the public to whom he gave his strength and spirit so manfully and so generously there is only the loss, and that a loss which will not soon be replaced.



The south half of the great Quebec cantilever bridge that collapsed for some undiscovered reason on August 29



All that was left of the first, or shore, span of the Quebec bridge, between the pier and the shore



Wreckage of the completed portion, 700 feet, of the great bridge across the St. Lawrence River, seven miles above Quebec. This was to have had the longest single cantilever span (1,800 feet) in the world. The collapsed structure plunged nearly 300 feet into the river, carrying down 86 workmen and causing the death of 79

The Collapse of the Quebec Bridge

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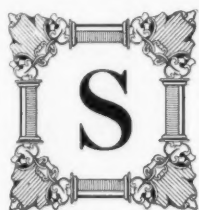
What the World is Doing

A Record of Current Events

Edited by

SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

Headlong Reform



SOME light upon the question why, with all the prevailing Republican demoralization, the Democratic Party seems to show no perceptible signs of life, may be gathered from an examination of the remarkable tariff scheme gravely proposed by Mr. Henry M. Whitney, the dashing reformer of Massachusetts. Mr. Whitney would have the Democracy make the tariff its issue. He shows by Dun's index figures of wholesale prices that between 1896 and 1907 the cost of living has increased by over forty-one and a half per cent, while wages have gone up only from ten to twenty per cent. Thus the wage-earner is really receiving much less for his labor than in the depth of the hard times before the enactment of the Dingley schedules. The duty on sugar alone, Mr. Whitney assures us, amounts to nearly \$5 for each family, and the iron and steel manufacturers take from the pockets of the people "at least \$150,000,000 more than they should take to pay a liberal wage scale and liberal if not generous returns upon the capital invested."

From this it would naturally seem to follow that the duties which have put such burdens upon the workingman should be forthwith scaled down to a reasonable figure. But no—Mr. Whitney advocates nothing so revolutionary. He would go on tiptoe, very, very slowly. First he would have experts determine the labor cost of any protected article. That was done nearly twenty years ago by the experts of the Republican Senate Finance Committee, who found that in many cases the whole labor cost was less than the duties, but never mind—Mr. Whitney would do it all over again. After this he would have ten per cent clipped every year from those duties that exceeded the total labor cost. Thus, presuming that we elected a Democratic President and Congress in 1908, and that they reformed the tariff on this basis in 1909, we should have in 1919 a set of duties equal to the cost of all the labor in our protected articles.

At this point Mr. Whitney's daring reform would take a fresh start. The same experts, if still alive, would be set to work again to "ascertain the actual inequalities of labor costs here and elsewhere, and adjust the tariff to this difference by reductions of ten per cent each year, so that finally the tariff must recognize the inequalities of labor conditions here and elsewhere." Thus in twenty years, or say by 1929, we should be the happy possessors of a tariff that would "even then amply protect our laborers and be satisfactory to all parties." Mr. Whitney's work would then be done, and the real reformers could begin to agitate.

That such a scheme as this could be deliberately proposed by a Democratic leader in Massachusetts is a measure of the demoralization wrought by the disasters of the second Cleveland Administration. Gorman would have called such a proposition timid; Brice would have laughed at it. It is better not to try to imagine what Mills would have said of it.

Massachusetts people have always been tariff reformers, of a kind, but the effectiveness of their missionary work has been impaired by the suspicion

prevalent in other parts of the country that their ideal is reform for other people and not for themselves. Massachusetts has looked benevolently upon free raw materials, but not upon unprotected finished products. Free wool and protected woollens, free hides and protected shoes, free coal and iron and protected cutlery, have been her models of fiscal wisdom. Unfortunately, tariffs are made by majorities in a Congress in which Massachusetts has fourteen votes out of three hundred and eighty-six in the House, and two out of ninety in the Senate. For this reason it has never been possible to build them on a plan that would commend itself to the wisdom of Boston.

The Republican Party is proposing to promise immediate tariff revision in next year's campaign. Mr. Taft is known as a reformer—not a very radical one, but evidently more radical than Mr. Whitney. The chances of the Democracy if it went into the campaign on a platform promising a reduction to a basis of reasonable protection by 1929 might perhaps be perceptible to the eminent astronomer who has detected fifty-six canals on Mars.

The Case of Arizona

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has authorized the statement that in view of the decisive vote of Arizona against joint Statehood with New Mexico he will abandon all efforts to force that unpopular union. The natural implication is that Arizona and New Mexico will be left in their Territorial condition at least until the advent of a new Administration. But now the suggestion has been offered that Arizona should be annexed to Nevada. Such a union would not have the disadvantages of one with New Mexico. There would be no clash of nationalities, for Arizona and Nevada are inhabited by the same kind of people. Nor would Arizona be in any danger of being swamped by an outside majority. The trouble would be the other way. It would be Nevada whose identity would be submerged, and accordingly any objections to the scheme might be expected to come from her.

By the last census Arizona had 122,931 inhabitants, and Nevada 42,335. Arizona had 112,920 square miles of land, and Nevada 109,740. The two together, therefore, would have made a State of 165,266 inhabitants and 222,660 square miles. It would have been the second State in the Union in area and the smallest with two exceptions in population. It would have had not quite people enough to entitle it to one Representative. But as Nevada already has one Representative and two Senators, there would have been no increase in representation, but rather a decrease, since Arizona's delegate would have lost his seat. As far as convenience is concerned, such a union would be more unnatural than one between Arizona and New Mexico, for two transcontinental railroads run across those Territories, while there is practically no direct communication between Arizona and Nevada. Although the population of Nevada has been at least temporarily increased of late by the opening of the new mining camps of Goldfield and Tonopah, a united State would undoubtedly be dominated by Arizona. If the Nevada people wanted to lose their identity, they could do it more easily and comfortably by annexation to California.

The Quebec Calamity

ONE of the most daring engineering experiments of modern times has ended in tragic disaster. The unfinished cantilever bridge across the St. Lawrence above Quebec, which was to have had the longest clear span in the world, collapsed on the afternoon of August 29, carrying seventy-nine men down to death. At best a cantilever bridge in course of construction looks like an audacious defiance of natural laws. Before the central truss is put in place the ends project into space with no apparent support, and every additional girder thrust out over the abyss seems to be hastening an inevitable smash. In reality such a bridge is as safe, within the limits of the strength of materials, as any other kind. The seemingly unsupported river arm is balanced by a shore arm of equal weight, the two resting as one rigid piece on top of their pier like the beam of a pair of scales. But of course the strain on the materials increases with the length of the span until at last a point is reached at which nothing more can be added without a collapse. The Forth bridge, hitherto the boldest experiment of this kind in existence, has two clear spans of 1,710 feet each. The Quebec bridge was to have had a span of 1,800 feet.

The work at Quebec was in charge of the Phoenix Bridge Company of Phoenixville, Pennsylvania. There had seemed to be no trouble, but on the morning of the disaster an inspector reported to the consulting engineer in New York that things did not look well. A telegram was sent at once ordering all the men off the bridge, but the telegraphers' strike delayed its delivery. Just before time to knock off work for the day a train loaded with steel girders ran out on the overhanging river arm. Some overstrained support parted and the huge structure toppled into the river in a tangled web of steel. The engineer of the train miraculously survived his plunge of nearly three hundred feet, but most of the men on the bridge were caught in the grip of the twisted girders and held under water beyond the possibility of rescue. The dead included sixteen skilled American mechanics, nineteen white Canadians, and twenty-nine Indians.

The Quebec bridge when finished would have contained 38,000 tons of steel, of which about 16,000 tons had been put in position. The situation at the time of the collapse was somewhat as if the new Cunarder *Lusitania* had been balanced on top of the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor. The wrecked section was designed to carry a weight of 90,000 tons, and it is said that it never had to bear more than 50,000. No charge was made that the materials were defective. The representative of the Canadian Government, who had spent three years at Phoenixville overseeing the output, said that he had personally inspected every piece used in the bridge, from the time the raw material was received until the finished product was put on the cars, and he added: "As an expert I want to say that never in all my experience of inspection for the Government have I seen such perfect pieces of workmanship. The Government was perfectly satisfied with the work."

In loss of life the Quebec disaster surpasses anything of its kind in modern times. Financially it is a stunning blow. The bridge was to have cost

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seven million dollars, toward which a company of private promoters, the city of Quebec, the Province of Quebec, and the Dominion of Canada all contributed. The immediate loss, of course, will fall upon the contractors, and will be sufficient to wipe out the profits of a long period of successful work. But the delay will be severely felt by the business interests of Quebec, which had counted upon early relief from the inconveniences of ferry transportation across the St. Lawrence.

Our Martian Neighbors

Professor Lowell is sure they are alive and intelligent

PROFESSOR PERCIVAL LOWELL, whose patient study of Martian conditions has so enlarged our knowledge of our nearest neighbor among the outer planets, has stirred up a warm discussion among astronomers by making the definite assertion in "Nature" of London, that Mars is now the abode of "intelligent, constructive life." He considers this a logical and necessary deduction from the behavior of the canals in connection with the melting of the polar caps. He began his observations this year in time to catch the southern cap at its maximum and the northern at its minimum extent. The southern cap then stretched across 95 degrees of latitude, from one side to the other, which is as if our southern hemisphere should be covered with ice and snow from the pole to New Zealand. The northern cap was only eight degrees wide. That is to say, it extended only four degrees from the pole. It was as if Peary had been able to reach his farthest north before encountering any ice. From this time the southern cap retreated and the northern one advanced. As the melting in the south proceeded, canals began to make their appearance about the edges of the shrinking cap, running northward and joining the rest of the system. While the southern canals were developing, those in the equatorial regions were fading out, and those in the north were in a dead or skeleton condition. "The process of evolution," said Professor Lowell, "was in keeping with the method of development found here for the northern canals in 1903. The fact is of the nature of a prophecy fulfilled, and not only supports the previous observations, but proves the theory deduced from them to have been correct."

Although the brilliancy of Professor Lowell's observations and the beauty of his photographs were freely recognized by other astronomers, the logic of his conclusions was not so generally followed. The observed facts certainly fitted in very well with the theory of the activity of intelligent beings, but it was suggested that they might be explained with equal plausibility in other ways.

Big Game at Last

Justice going past hired men to employers

SAN FRANCISCO has actually succeeded in convicting a "man higher up." After a previous failure Louis Glass, Vice-President of the Pacific States Telephone Company, was found guilty on August 31 on one of nine indictments for bribing Supervisors to refuse a franchise to a rival company. This was one of the cases in which some of the Supervisors had undertaken to do business on their own account instead of carrying on their transactions through Boss Ruef. The experiment ended disastrously both for the statesmen and for their purchasers. The Supervisors who sold their votes to the old telephone company were compelled by Ruef to deliver them to the opposition, pocketing their humiliation along with the money from both sides. The particular deal that has brought Glass to the doors of a cell was that with Thomas F. Lonergan, who confessed last March that he had accepted \$5,000 from the Pacific States Telephone Company and then found out the embarrassing fact that "the administration" was on the other side. "It was a pretty pill to swallow," he said at the time, "but I swallowed it and held Halsey's money. I tell you it seemed a big pile for a poor man, and as I knew everybody else was in the same boat with me I couldn't see any reason why I should give any of it back. But as I was a member of the administration I immediately determined to vote as the administration desired." Lonergan's loyalty was rewarded by a present of \$3,500, handed to him by "Big Jim" Gallagher, in addition to the \$5,000 he had already received from the "double-crossed" monopoly.

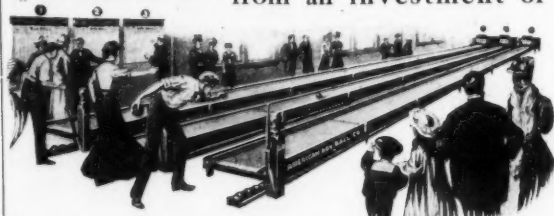
Glass is credited with the possession of two or three million dollars. He is also a person of standing in the financial and social worlds. In convicting him the prosecution has brought down the first of the big game it has been after—not the biggest, but something of pretty substantial size. If it is "the first step that costs," then San Francisco has passed the hardest stage in a line of achievement that will put the fear of justice into the hearts of the greatest and most defiant lawbreakers in America. How hard a stage it has been may be judged from an incident that occurred recently at the Olympic Club. Mr. Patrick Calhoun, the indicted president of the United Railroads, made his appearance at a festivity there as a guest of honor, and was greeted with uproarious cheers. One of the members was impolite enough to protest against the presence of a person under criminal charges. The directors of the club held a meeting and solemnly expelled the disturber for conduct unbecoming a gentleman. Nothing was said about the relations of a gentleman to the crime of bribery.

The Shrinking World

The post-office making antipodes neighbors

WHILE the Hague Conference has more diplomatic pretensions, the Universal Postal Union is really doing more practical work just now toward organizing the world. It includes all civilized nations, and unites them not with rhetoric but with actual business arrangements, whose value speaks for itself. On the first of October some of its latest improvements will go into effect. We shall be able to send letters abroad at five cents for the first ounce and three cents for each ounce additional, instead of for five cents per half ounce as now. That means that an ounce letter will cost five cents instead of ten, a two-ounce letter eight cents instead of twenty, and a

\$513.00 Clear Profit in 51 days from an investment of \$150.00



More than 3,000 already sold. We sell on payments and our catalog is free. Write for catalog.

AMERICAN BOX BALL COMPANY, Patentees, 1628 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Start as Stenographer

Every business course in life is open to you. No better profession for young men or women. We teach by Correspondence and will make you an expert in the Gregg System of Shorthand which gives you most speed, greatest accuracy and takes least time to learn.

Spare time all that's required, don't leave off your other work. Start now and get ready to accept a position. Sample lesson free. Write to day to

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Free SIX SHOTS IN FOUR SECONDS



No other Shot Gun equals this gun's record. No gun built, for the money, that is as good. \$4.00 to \$7.00. Hammerless. Every modern improvement. Nothing so good on the market. Our catalogue shows a dozen other guns we make, single and double barrel, magazine breech loaders, ejectors, etc. Send postal for it today—it's free.

UNION FIRE ARMS CO., Manufacturers, Desk C, TOLEDO, O.

Pompeian Massage Cream

**Natural
Beauty**



**True
Cleanliness**



¶ The woman on the left is not "making up" with rouge, powder or cosmetics. She is not trying to take nature's work out of nature's hands or substituting artificial for natural beauty. She is simply aiding nature in nature's own way with the natural beautifier—Pompeian Massage Cream.

¶ Nature will give skin beauty to a woman just as she gives it to a baby if the woman will simply provide enough assistance to overcome the unnatural conditions induced by modern sedentary, indoor living and pore-clogging soaps and powders. Massage with Pompeian Massage Cream cleans out the pores, sets the blood coursing freely, flexes the muscles and softens the skin. Then rosy cheeks, a clear complexion and firm, smooth flesh follow as a matter of course.

¶ The man on the right uses Pompeian Massage Cream after his shave to get the smarting soap and other foreign matter out of the pores, to strengthen the skin against razor rash, and to keep his face well groomed. It gives him the healthy, ruddy, athletic appearance that every man desires.

¶ Barbers give massage with Pompeian Massage Cream by hand and with massage machines. In asking for a massage at your barber's, however, always make sure to specify that Pompeian Massage Cream *must* be used. There are many inefficacious, and some harmful, substitutes.



Test It With Our Free Sample

¶ Simply write us you want to try it, and we will send you a generous-sized sample, together with our illustrated book on Facial Massage, which is an invaluable guide for the proper care of the skin.

¶ Pompeian Massage Cream is sold for home use in two sizes, 50c. and \$1.00. All sizes and styles of bottles bear same label and trade-mark. Under any circumstances do not accept a substitute—none of them have the properties of the genuine Pompeian, while some are positively harmful. We prefer you to buy of your dealer whenever possible. However, if he does not have Pompeian, we will send a 50c. or \$1.00 jar of cream, postpaid, on receipt of price to any part of the world.

POMPEIAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY

3 Prospect Street, Cleveland, Ohio

¶ Pompeian Massage Soap is pure—and more. It contains the same medicinal properties as Pompeian Massage Cream.

¶ It is sold by all dealers—everywhere that Pompeian Massage Cream is sold. 25c. a cake; 60c. box of three cakes.

Warning to men: Beware of the countless imitations that barbers use in place of the original and genuine Pompeian Cream. All are inferior—many are positively dangerous. A barber uses an imitation Cream because it costs him less, and is hence not a quality product. Your face deserves the purest and best. Get it. Always look for the original Pompeian jar.

Are You Economical? IN YOUR PURCHASES?

DO you always buy to the best advantage? Are you willing to investigate a plan that promises to save you \$5, \$10, \$25 and even as much as \$35 and \$40 in some instances, on a single purchase?

If you are in the habit of economical buying, we know that we can interest you.

You have seen hundreds of advertisements of Kalamazoo stoves and ranges.

You probably know scores of persons who are using the Kalamazoo with perfect satisfaction.

You know that no stove or range stands higher in public esteem, has a better reputation, is more popular or is giving better satisfaction.

And you know there must be great economy in buying direct from the factory and eliminating the needless expense that is entailed by the distribution through jobbers, dealers and middlemen.

You know, too, that unless you are an expert, you cannot judge the real value of a stove or range from its mere appearance. You must rely upon the reputation of the man who makes it and the man who sells it.

Cannot you, therefore, select a stove or range with just as much certainty of satisfaction from our catalogue as you can from your stove dealer?

Certainly you cannot secure anywhere at any price a stove or range of better reputation than the Kalamazoo, and we sell

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

at actual factory prices, saving you all the dealers', jobbers' and middlemen's profits amounting all the way from \$5 to as high as \$40 on each purchase.

You know that it would be possible for a manufacturer to make a strictly high-grade stove or range and sell it to the consumer direct for a great deal less money than he could sell it through jobbers and dealers.

We claim to do that. Why don't you find out whether we will do it or not? Let us quote you our prices. Isn't it to your advantage to investigate? Get our book if for nothing else than to make comparison of our prices with the prices your dealer asks.

If we can satisfy you as to the extra quality of the Kalamazoo—its convenience of operation—its durability—its economy of fuel—

and if you can satisfy yourself by a comparison of prices that you can save \$5, \$10, \$20, and in some cases as high as \$35 and \$40 on a single purchase,

You are not going to let sentiment or prejudice or friendship for a dealer or anything else stand in the way of your saving that money. You'll have no trouble in finding some other use for it.

You can prove the saving by comparing prices.

IF YOU WILL ONLY SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE

And we let you prove the quality by selling you on 360 days' approval.

Here's
the
Kalamazoo
Plan

SEND POSTAL FOR CATALOGUE No. 176

As a special request, we ask you not to confuse the Kalamazoo Stove Co. with "mail-order" or "catalogue houses." We are manufacturers, owning and operating in Kalamazoo one of the most modern and best equipped stove plants in the world. We originated the direct-from-factory-to-user plan of selling stoves and ranges.

KALAMAZOO STOVE COMPANY, Manufacturers, KALAMAZOO, MICH.



Kalamazoo Royal Steel Range. Made of a better grade of steel than is used by any other stove manufacturer in the U. S. An exceptional baker. Economical of fuel and easily operated.



All Kalamazoo Cook Stoves and Ranges are equipped with guaranteed oven thermometer which makes baking and roasting easy and saves fuel.



Kalamazoo Radiant Base Burner positively the best heater and greatest fuel saver on the market. Get our price before you buy.

The Comfort Spring Foster's IDEAL



Why Foster's IDEAL is the Best

The Foster Ideal or "400" Spring Bed is acknowledged by the furniture trade and by its thousands of users to be the acme of perfection. It is constructed on unique patented lines and is the crowning achievement of a lifetime's experience and effort. Everyone of its many specially tempered coil springs acts independently, gently yielding to the downward pressure of the body in exact proportion to weight, and conforming perfectly to every curve, yet returning instantly to its original height as soon as the weight pressure is relieved. The upper tier of springs carries the weight of light persons; the central metal strips distribute the weight of heavy persons throughout the lower tier. The only spring on which a heavy and a light person may sleep at the same time without being involuntarily rolled together. A priceless boon to invalids, a delightful luxury for all.

This Trade Mark is on all our goods

Look for it. Like all best things, the Ideal Spring is imitated, but in appearance only. To permit an inferior substitute to be palmed off on you is to encourage the imitator, discourage progress, and disappoint yourself. All good dealers sell and recommend the full Ideal Line of Springs, iron beds, and safety cribs. Write for free booklet "Wide Awake Facts About Sleep" and name of nearest dealer.

Foster Bros. Mfg. Co. 99 Broad Street, Utica, N. Y.
1401 North 16th Street, St. Louis, Mo.



Mother retires knowing baby's safe in Foster's Ideal Crib. High sliding sides, closely spaced spindles, woven-wire springs, patented rail fastener (on our cribs only)—guaranteed not to break. Different styles and prices. Enamelled white or colors. Write for free Crib booklet.



Just take an H & R Gun in your hands. Examine it, familiarize yourself with its simplicity and perfect balance and note its superior finish. All the result of over thirty-five years' experience in the manufacture of firearms.

The automatic ejector works smoothly and effectively, throwing the shell clear of the gun, permitting rapid and accurate fire. The frame is made of semi-steel, case-hardened. Top snap, center hammer, rebounding lock.

The barrel can be unbanded or put together in an instant, a quarter turn of our patent hinge or joint on locking or freeing it. Choke bored for close, hard shooting. Its shooting qualities will compare favorably with any high-priced gun.

Selected walnut stock, with elegant hard rubber butt plate. Weight, 5 1/2 to 6 1/2 pounds, according to gauge and length of barrel.

H & R Automatic Ejecting Single Gun, Model 1900, 12, 16 or 20 gauge, 28, 30 or 32 inch steel barrel, \$7.00; twist barrel, \$8.50.

Sold by all first-class dealers. Look for our name and trade-mark. Rather than accept a substitute, order from us direct. Send for illustrated catalog.

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.
Manufacturers of Single Guns and Revolvers
447 PARK AVENUE, WORCESTER, MASS.

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\$15.

Regular

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Saves

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\$8.00!



Ostermoor Mattresses, 4 ft. 6 in. wide, 6 ft. 3 in. long, one part, weighing fifty pounds each (5 lbs. more than regular), hand laid filling, built, not stuffed, bound edges, square corners, beautifully made, and daintily covered with any ticking you desire.

(We illustrate three patterns above.)

A. C. A. wide or narrow stripe; Gray and White Dust-proof Satin Finish Ticking striped in linen effect; Blue and White Herring-bone; or Mercerized Art Twills in fancy stripe with floral effects of Blue, Pink, Yellow, Green or Lavender, all at the

Express
Charges
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Bargain Price, \$15.00 ONE PART

Terms of Sale, Cash with Order.

None sent C. O. D.

\$15.50
Made in
2 Parts

These are extraordinary bargains, Eight Dollars less than regular price. You must speak quickly if you want any, as this Special Offer is open for your immediate acceptance only.

Order of Us or Through Your Ostermoor Dealer

If your dealer cannot supply you—we fill order direct, express prepaid from here: mattress shipped same day check is received by us. Please state first, second, and even third choice of covering and color desired, in case all you like are already sold, as there will be no time for correspondence. Beware of imitations. Insist that the name "Ostermoor" appears on every mattress you buy. Even if you do not wish a mattress now you should know all about the "Ostermoor" and its superiority to hair in health, comfort and economy. Send your name on a postal for the name of your home dealer and our free descriptive book, "The Test of Time," a veritable work of art, 144 pages in two colors, profusely illustrated. Worth reading. Write today, as this offer is necessarily limited.

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Canadian Agency: The Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

A revolver that can be discharged in any other way than by pulling the trigger is a mechanical absurdity as well as a constant danger.

The things you can do to an Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver without discharging it would keep you busy all day. The one thing you can't do to it is—fire it in any other way whatever than by pulling the trigger.

Handsome in appearance, made in many styles—like a rifle for accuracy—hard-hitting and speedy—but always safe to handle.

Send for "SHOTS," a booklet about absolutely safe revolvers, and our illustrated catalogue of superior firearms

Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver 3-in. barrel, nickel-plated finish, 22 rim-fire cartridge, 32-38 center-fire cartridge \$6

Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver 3-in. barrel, nickel-plated finish, 32-38 center-fire cartridge \$7

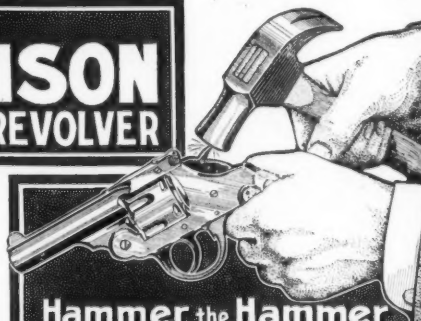
For sale by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or will be sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on the grip and our name on the barrel.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS, 146 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

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Makers of Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Iver Johnson Truss Bridge Bicycles



Hammer the Hammer

Last month we proved to many people that they could make \$3000.00 clear profits each year. We are ready to prove that there is

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This year,—next year,—and the years after Cleaning houses by our patented machinery. Over 300 operators in as many towns in the United States.

We make the most efficient stationary systems for Residences—Hotels—Office Buildings, Etc.

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THE MACHINE THAT MAKES THE MONEY

WRITE FOR CATALOG

WE OWN THE PATENTS AND ARE PROSECUTING ALL INFRINGERS

six-ounce document twenty cents instead of sixty. In other words, the postage on heavy letters will be not more than half its present rate, and may be only a third, or even less.

But a still more important advance is the new return payment coupon. This is a certificate which may be bought for six cents, and is good for a five-cent stamp in any foreign country that has agreed to accept it, and that includes most of the countries of the world. The primary purpose of this device is to end the annoyance of writing a business letter to a foreign correspondent, and not having any way to enclose return postage. But that will be only the beginning of its usefulness. Persons who have small remittances to make will send them in coupons. In effect there will be a system of international small change. The man who would like to buy some advertised foreign trifle worth a shilling in London, a franc in Paris, a mark in Berlin, or a yen in Tokyo, but who does not care to take the trouble to apply for an international money order, can slip a few return coupons into his letter and his remittance is made. Thus the earth grows smaller, and an international clearing house at Berne, the rival of The Hague for the proud title of "Capital of the World," will help to accustom mankind to the idea that we all form parts of a single community.

Our Dwindling Forests

Can we make a bedstead in fifteen years?

MR. WILSON, the Secretary of Agriculture, sounds an alarm bell over the danger to our forests. It is literally a fire alarm, for the Secretary says that "forest fire is the one great thing to be guarded against." He predicts that if better care is not taken, and a more general propagation is not carried out, our forests will practically disappear within the next ten years. The pine timber of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, he asserts, is already substantially wiped out, and unless we do something we shall not have enough hard wood in fifteen years "to make an old-fashioned bedstead with." Possibly that may stretch strict accuracy a trifle, but the case is serious enough even if we have wood enough left for a whole bedroom set.

Secretary Wilson observes truly that President Roosevelt has done much for the preservation of our forests—"more, I might truthfully say, than all of our Presidents combined." A glance at the map of the National Forests in 1907 and at another of the forest reserves in 1901 is sufficient confirmation of this statement.

Nevertheless, there is one thing which neither President Roosevelt nor Secretary Wilson has done, and which would be very decidedly worth doing. It is known to all that our intelligent government offers large rewards for the destruction of our forests, coupled with fines upon all who try to check that destruction by supplying part of our timber-needs from abroad. The American people think they must use so much lumber every year. The more they can get from foreigners, the less they need to cut at home. But our enlightened tariff provides that everybody who brings a pine board into the country shall pay a heavy tax on it, and that anybody who cuts one out of our dwindling forests shall be entitled to collect a premium out of the pockets of the domestic consumer equivalent to the tax levied on the person who taps the foreign supply and saves our own. President Roosevelt and Secretary Wilson have not shown as much energy in attacking this wrong as in some other crusades. Perhaps its turn may come.

Taxation as a Beautifier

It costs money to disfigure Brazilian cities

THE tax gatherer, with all his unpopularity, is sometimes an agent of civilization. He is so in Brazil, and Consul-General Anderson, at Rio de Janeiro, explains why. The Brazilian cities are generally hard up. To raise the money they need, they tax everything in sight. In Rio you pay a tax on your salary, and then if you want to change the number of your house, or weigh your wagon, or register your cow, or keep a servant, or break a contract, you have to pay special taxes on those things. Naturally it has occurred to the authorities that advertising signs, which in the nature of things can not be hidden or get away, are handy subjects to tax. So they have taxed every sign in Rio de Janeiro. If a café wants to hang up a placard on one of its own palm trees announcing that it is serving a special ice it has to decorate the card with a revenue stamp. A notice that a house is for rent must be stamped. Bill-boards are taxed in proportion to their size. Consequently they do not grow very large. There is little bill or poster advertising in the Brazilian capital, and what there is is artistically of the best class. The effect of the taxation of advertising signs, the Consul-General thinks, is "unquestionably beneficial from the standpoint of the general appearance of the city, not to mention revenue possibilities." Rio de Janeiro has taken rank in recent years as one of the most beautiful cities of the world. Much of its attractiveness is due to its situation between its splendid bay and its mountains, and much to its sumptuous public and private improvements, but "the element of freedom from unsightly structures, unsightly signs, and ugly commercialism is so strong an element in the present artistic appearance and attractiveness of the city that it is only necessary to suggest it to a stranger to have it fully appreciated."

Our Gigantic Railroad System

Eighteen billion dollars and over 222,000 miles

IF the American railroad system is dying, as some despondent people in Wall Street profess to believe, its swan song in the new edition of "Poor's Manual," just issued, is at least loud and clear. In the past year the system has reached its climax. It gained 5,294.16 miles of new line in the twelve months ending December 31, 1906, which breaks the records of the past sixteen years. It entered on 1907 with a total mileage of 222,635.18—enough to girdle the earth nine times, and almost enough to open all-rail communication with the moon. The railroad mileage of the United States practically equals that of all the rest of the world combined, and far exceeds



AUTHORITATIVE Autumn and Winter models of "HORSE SHOE" Clothes now on display at leading stores throughout the country.

"HORSE SHOE" Clothes offer more quality for less money than others. They're styled up-to-the-minute, moderately priced and are cleverly hand tailored by master workmen.

Ask your dealer for "HORSE SHOE" Clothes and you'll be assured of best materials, latest styles, perfect fit and longest wear.

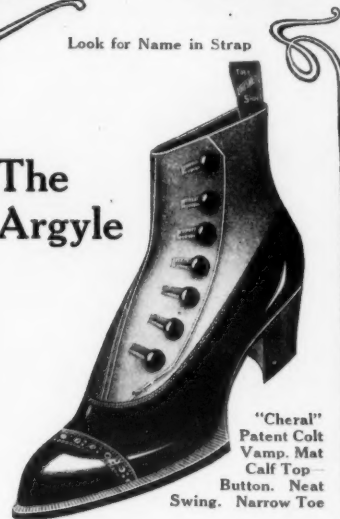
Send us the name of your local dealer and we'll send you FREE OF CHARGE a handy reference MEMO BOOK.

David Marks & Sons
MAKERS OF FINE CLOTHING
BROADWAY, N.Y.

The Florsheim SHOE

Look for Name in Strap

The Argyle



"Cheral" Patent Colt Vamp. Mat Calf Top—Button. Neat Swing. Narrow Toe

It is not what you pay, but what you get. It requires the best shoe-making skill plus the best materials to insure permanent Style—Fit—Comfort and Service in a Shoe. When you buy The Florsheim Shoe you get your money's worth.

Style Book shows "a fit for every foot." Send for it. Most styles sell for \$5 and \$6.

Florsheim & Company
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

BRIGHTON

FLAT CLASP GARTERS



Registered Trade Mark

Keeping up appearances starts with the keeping up of the socks. Brightons do it—and do more than this. The flat clasp works in harmony with a man's legs. The pure silk web (in many patterns and shades) gives long wear. All metal parts are heavy nickel-plated brass—neat, durable and cannot rust. If your dealer hasn't them in stock—a quarter brings you a pair postpaid.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO., 718 Market St., Philadelphia.
Makers of Pioneer Suspenders.

25¢
A Pair

Wealth in the Making

at Portsmouth, Virginia

For 200 years the "tidewater" region of Virginia has been famous for richness of natural resources. To-day there is offered at Portsmouth the added advantage of unequalled transportation facilities, abundance of material, labor and low priced fuel; such opportunities for industrial and real estate investment as no man can afford to neglect.

Here is an ideal climate, pure water, good schools and good health. A land of present plenty and future wealth. Only a few minutes ride from Jamestown Exposition Grounds. Be sure to visit Portsmouth. Booklet and full information on request.

L. T. VAN PATTEN, Secretary,
Portsmouth, Virginia.

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Order Direct from our Stove Factory and save for yourself all Jobbers' and Dealers' big profits.

Hoosier Stoves and Ranges

"The best in the world." Are sold on 30 days' free trial. We pay the freight. Guaranteed for years. "backed by a million dollars."

Hoosiers are "fuel savers and money makers." Very heavily made of highest grade selected material, beautifully finished, with many new improvements and features. Our large Stove and Range Catalog shows the greatest bargains ever offered.

Write for catalog and Special Trial Offer Free

HOOSIER STOVE CO., 218 State Street
Merrion, Ind.

"Hoosier Steel"

"Hoosier Oak"

LOFTIS SYSTEM Diamonds on credit

YOU CAN EASILY OWN A DIAMOND OR WATCH, or present one as a gift to some loved one. Whatever you select from our beautiful catalog, we send on approval. Pay one-fifth on delivery, balance in equal monthly payments. Your credit is good. As a pure investment nothing is safer than a Diamond. 3% annual increase in value. 15% return guaranteed. Write for it today. No cost.

LOFTIS THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL DIAMOND AND WATCH CREDIT HOUSE
BROS. & CO., Dept. K-38, 92 to 98 State St., Chicago, Ill.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

There's Money In Miracle Concrete

Here's an opportunity, Reader, that is big with profitable possibilities. Concrete, as you know, is THE building material of today—everywhere in tremendous demand.

Now, Miracle Concrete Blocks have great and obvious advantages over every other kind of Concrete construction. Miracle Blocks will sell all around every other kind of Concrete block.

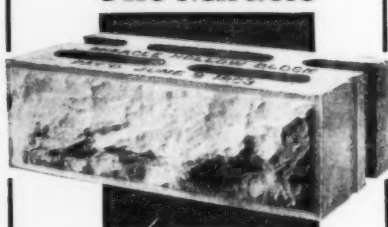
We give protected rights to manufacture, so that you can monopolize the Concrete trade in your locality. And our big national Advertising Campaign sends you scores of customers ready convinced and ready to buy.

\$250 Starts You Making Miracle Concrete Blocks

Now here is why Miracle Double Staggered Air Space Blocks are so superior to ordinary single air space blocks. They are absolutely the only construction that is frost proof, moisture proof, proof against heat and vermin—these elements cannot get through a double air space wall, but they can and do get through a single air space wall.

The patented alternating double rows of air spaces make it absolutely impossible for water, frost or any other element to find a straight path through, and whenever these elements do enter the outer wall, they are taken up and diffused in the dead air spaces.

The Miracle



Concrete Block

This means an even, comfortable temperature within the house—a dry wall, which can be plastered against directly without the expense and bother of furring and lathing.

Remember that the Miracle wall has the greatest strength of all, because it is really three walls in one—that Concrete is the one material that grows harder—more closely knit with age, and that Concrete is 20% cheaper than any other building material.

Now don't run away with the idea that it takes peculiar skill and long experience to make Miracle Blocks. Cement, sand and water and good hard horse common-sense are the only materials and qualifications required.

For Your Own Building Job

If you are going to build for yourself it will pay you to invest in a Miracle Block outfit for your own use. 69 different styles of plain and ornamental faces and styles can be made with our \$250 outfit. And as a money-making business there's no opportunity like it open, for small capital, to live men and women.

Let us mail you our large and handsomely illustrated 124-page book on The Modern Industry, Concrete—just published. It contains everything that pertains to the Concrete Industry. Mailed on receipt of 25 cents in stamps—but don't let that deter you. Write anyway for free facts and proof today.

Miracle Pressed Stone Co.
993 Wilder Street, Minneapolis, Minn., U.S.A.
Largest Manufacturers of Concrete Machinery in the World.

We have a special proposition on Concrete Tile and Sewer Pipe Machinery that's a big money-maker. Write for it.



Cost of Concrete Work on this House Only \$275

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

that of Europe. The capitalization of the roads is increasing at a rate that makes the undertaking of Government ownership more staggering every year. Including floating liabilities it amounted at the end of last December to \$17,534,381,633—an amount which the borrowings of 1907 have raised above \$18,000,000,000. This is more than twenty times the bonded national debt of the United States, and more than the combined debts of all the great Powers of the world.

Gross and net income, interest and dividends, have all been increasing. The gross earnings reached in 1906 the bewildering figure of \$2,346,640,286—nearly three times the revenue of the National Government. The net earnings from operation were \$790,187,712—more than two million dollars a day, fifteen hundred dollars a minute, and twenty-five dollars a second. And while the operating expenses increased by only nine per cent and the gross earnings by eleven per cent, the net earnings increased by over fifteen per cent. That does not seem to fit in very well with the theory that the railroads have been so oppressed by higher costs of labor and materials on one hand and enforced reductions of rates on the other that their margin of profit is in danger of disappearing. The average dividend rate went up from 3.27 per cent in 1905 to 3.63 per cent in 1906—the highest figure in many years. This rate seems moderate in itself, but it must be remembered that it is an average reached by including stocks that have never paid a dividend and never were expected to pay one. It takes in such securities as Chicago Great Western common, quoted at 93/4, Erie at 19, Missouri, Kansas and Texas at 34, and Wabash at 11. With all that moisture to carry an average dividend rate of three and two-thirds per cent on the par value of the whole volume of stock of all the railroads in the country does not imply a state of hardship and suffering among the holders of such securities as acute as it seems to some of the pessimistic minds of Wall Street.

An Artistic Fine

Nothing forgotten by Venezuelan Courts

THE bill for damages assessed by the Venezuelan Civil Court of First Instance against the New York and Bermudez Asphalt Company is a novelty in jurisprudence. The company was convicted of contributing money toward the support of the Matos revolution. It has been sentenced to pay the entire cost of suppressing the revolution, according to the Government's books. That makes a definite fine of about five million dollars to start with. But that is only a modest beginning. Gathering its second wind, the court provides for an assessment by experts of additional damages under the following heads:

1. The discredit which the Venezuelan nation may have suffered because of the war in the views of other nations. That may obviously be enough in itself to bankrupt the Standard Oil Company.
2. The loss of Venezuelan citizens withdrawn from commercial pursuits, agriculture, industries, and from the activity of republican life because of the war. There is a little mystery here, since the people engaged in the revolution were in the very thick of the activity of republican life, as understood in Venezuela.
3. The necessity for the creation of a war tax, which produced nearly \$3,500,000 in two years.
4. The decrease in the customs revenues, from nearly \$6,000,000 in 1901 to less than \$3,000,000 in 1903.
5. The decrease in the revenues of the states from \$1,800,000 in 1901 to \$800,000 in 1903.

It is roughly estimated that these various items may add about ten millions to the company's five million dollar fine, but, of course, that depends upon the moderation of the experts. There is really not money enough in the world to pay for the discredit the Venezuelan nation may think itself to have suffered in the views of other nations, and that is only one of the charges in the bill.

When England and America agreed to arbitrate the Alabama claims, the American Government wanted to include indirect and consequential damages, such as the cost of prolonging the war through the depredations of the Confederate cruisers. England hotly refused to consider any such claim, and the arbitrators declined to listen to it. But President Castro has the advantage of owning his own courts as well as possessing the power to execute judgment on the property of the other party to the case.

Labels Must Tell the Truth

Acetanilid by any other name is not as sweet

THE coils of the Department of Agriculture are slowly tightening around the unfortunate manufacturers of dangerous drugs. Until last year most of the popular headache powders were made up with acetanilid. The dangerous qualities of this drug had been so thoroughly exposed by COLLIER'S and other publications that the makers felt a diffidence about putting its name on their labels. Nevertheless, the Pure Food law required them to follow this painful course if they used the substance in question. At this juncture they were relieved by the expiration of the patent on acetphenetidin, a compound which had been a trade monopoly under the name of "phenacetin." Acetphenetidin promptly took the place of acetanilid in the majority of the powders, and the labels were altered accordingly. But now the heartless authorities of the Agricultural Department say that this will not do. They have been experimenting with acetphenetidin, and have discovered that it is a derivative of acetanilid. The law already requires the origin of such derivatives to be stated on the labels. Therefore the creators of the acetanilid habit must give their patrons fair warning of the dangers before them just as they did before the price of phenacetin went down. The Department thinks that people are pretty familiar with acetanilid by this time, while the name "acetphenetidin" means nothing to them. And the purpose of the law is to make the label really informing.

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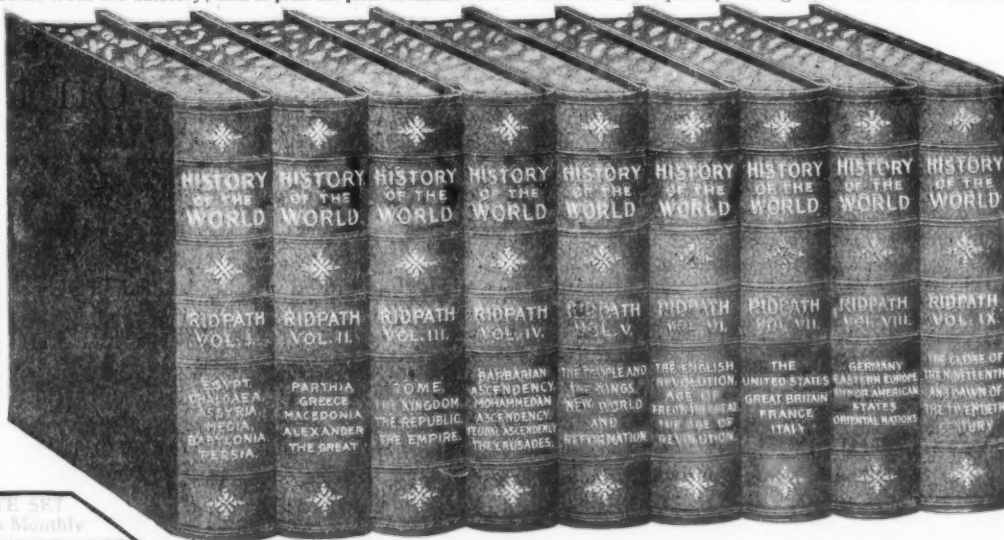
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